Week ending October 11 1952 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

Starting this week **WINDOM'S WAY** by **JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN**

HE WAS OUR SON

but he lived next door!

Bob was never at home. Always spent his evenings with the Mitchells next door.

When his father asked him why . . . "They're always so jolly", he said.

"Maybe it's our fault; maybe we're getting too dull. Let's ask them all round here."

WHAT'S THIS WONDERFUL DRINK MRS. KEEBLE?
GOSH! THIS IS FUN MUM!
CADBURY'S DRINKING CHOCOLATE
LETS MAKE THIS A REGULAR WEEKLY CHOCOLATE PARTY

CADBURY'S

Drinking Chocolate

I knew they'd love Cadbury's. That's the way to bring them home; a party – and Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate to round it off. It's the finest party drink there is. Hot, rich, sweet and frothy. And it's so easy to make!

MADE IN 2 STIRS

(Note to wise housewives. Always keep a tin in the store-cupboard!)

1/4d. A HALF POUND TIN

meet and drink..

STONE'S

ORIGINAL

GINGER WINE

7/6 PER BOTTLE

☆ *famous since the year 1740*

reyds

Whatever the pleasure Player's complete it

Player's Please

[NCC 799Y] PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES AND TOBACCO

EDITORIAL

Crude films

MR. J. ARTHUR RANK has decided to ban all "X" films from his cinemas, the Odeon and Gaumont circuits. "They seriously affect family attendances," he says.

This decision disturbs Mr. A. T. L. Watkins, Secretary of the British Board of Film Censors.

"The result such films bring at the box office is a matter for Mr. Rank and his companies," he says. "The Board does hope, however, that this will not mean that the public will be robbed of the chance of seeing intelligent adult films."

THE "X" certificate was introduced by the Board last year with the simple object of excluding children under sixteen from films which they should not see. Of the forty-five films which have been classified "X" since then, only three have been seen on the big circuits. They are *Detective Story, Murder Inc.*, and *A Streetcar Named Desire*. All of them are interesting, well-made pictures, but definitely not for children.

WATKINS
A decision regretted

Now Mr. Rank says that new ones like them are not for grown-ups, either. His motives may be good, but his methods are mistaken.

FILMS in general are getting more brutal. "We are having to label even Westerns 'A' now, because the old-fashioned, clean rough-and-tumble is being replaced by a vicious gangster element," says Mr. Watkins. Last year the British Board of Film Censors insisted on cuts being made in 353 of the 600 feature films that were eventually awarded a "U" (suitable for all) or an "A" (children allowed in only with adults).

Despite the Board's frequent appeals to the industry, a depressingly large number of films are filled with sadistic and erotic suggestiveness. They are as damaging to the adolescent mind as "X" films, but cannot be pinned down as completely unsuitable for young eyes.

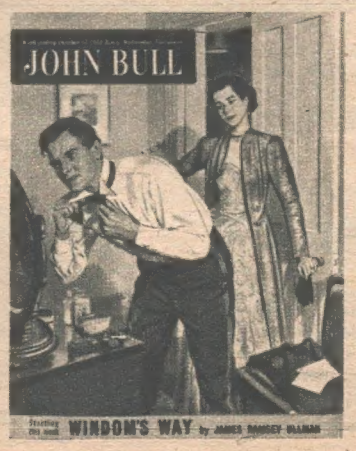
SO neither Mr. Rank, with his ban on "X" films, nor Mr. Watkins, with his system of certificates, is likely to find a successful solution to the problem. Reform must come from the roots.

The B.B.C.'s Television Service puts on outspoken plays in our own homes, after due warning that they are unsuitable for children. But they are usually thoughtful and intelligent treatments of the subjects.

The film industry, which already fears the effect of television in keeping people at home, must clean up its own products—or it will find its fears increasingly justified.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

FRANK MCNAMARA calls his painting "Evening Date," and admits that he, too, is one of those helpless husbands who can't fix a tie. An Australian, he is now on his way home after a year's holiday in Europe with his wife, Susan, and two sons. Frank enjoyed most his stay among the artists on the Paris Left Bank. Susan preferred England. The boys liked being absent from school.



Chilprufe for safety's sake

Where children are concerned, health becomes the first consideration at all times. Chilprufe Pure Wool Underwear, with its unique all-weather protection, is the finest safeguard against colds and chills. Warm, soft, and non-irritant, it seems to last for ever, retaining all the time its shape and beautiful finish. Be wise — insist on Chilprufe!

Chilprufe Regd for CHILDREN

CHILPRUFE IS PURE WOOL MADE PERFECT

Also Children's Outerwear, Tailored Coats, Shoes, Toys, Ladies' and Men's Pure Wool Underwear, Ask your Chilprufe Agent, or write for Catalogue.

CHILPRUFE LIMITED LEICESTER

"... but Father wanted the barrow quickly, Mother, and a little 'Mansion' will soon make the floor clean and bright again."

MANSION POLISH

your FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM

FOR DARK FLOORS *use* DARK MANSION

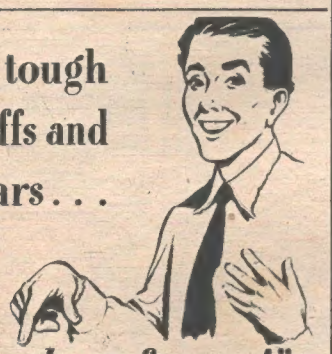
Father's outlook now is brighter

STANLEY tools make work much lighter

STANLEY
THE TOOL BOX OF THE WORLD

STANLEY WORKS (G.B.) LTD., SHEFFIELD
M.W.77

"I'm tough on cuffs and collars . . .



. . . so that's for me!"

1 spare collar
2 spare cuffs

Most men fray collars and cuffs as well as their tempers! Be happy with PLUSMORE. Just when it's ready for oblivion—bring out the spare collar and cuffs we gave you. Send all to us via your PLUSMORE Retailer. We sew on the spares, and, lo! You have a new PLUSMORE! What a shirt! What a service!
Don't forget the son and heir. For him one spare collar, a piece of shirt material for mending and spare buttons.
ALL PLUSMORES—with separate or attached collars—are full shrunk and generously proportioned—comfortable in wear and good to look at!

Ask your retailer for PLUSMORES. If any difficulty, write for the PLUSMORE *Brochure and the name of a nearby stockist.*

ATLAS

PLUSMORE Shirts

Manufactured by
ROBERT R. BUCK & SONS, LTD., Carlisle.

Free Speech

The pioneer of television

ABOUT twenty-four years ago I was staying with my brother at Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. One morning I answered the front-door bell and was faced with a disreputable-looking fellow. He had a week's growth of beard and was dressed in a deplorably ragged manner. I was about to turn him away when my brother appeared and, to my amazement, invited him in. They were old friends, and I was introduced to John Baird.

At that time Baird was still experimenting with old bicycle-lamp glasses, bits of cardboard, wire and candles. He was staying next door to my brother and often had difficulty in paying his rent. But Baird was to television what Friese Greene was to the cinema—he gave birth to the television we know today.—EMIL W. SMITH, 2 Oakland Road, Dovercourt, Essex.

John Baird

John Logie Baird, born 1888, invented the first practical television apparatus. He gave his first demonstration in 1926. In 1929 the B.B.C. began televising with the Baird system which was used until 1937. In 1941 he demonstrated TV in relief and full natural colour. Baird died at Bexhill, Sussex, on June 14, 1946.

. . . The *Guide To Television* (JOHN BULL, September 20) is a brilliant idea. I hope it will suggest further developments to the B.B.C. Director of Television Broadcasting, George Barnes. The gallery of "Stars Who Make TV" could be televised during the long waits before programmes start. It would ease the tension and acquaint children, who restlessly endure those dragging minutes, with screen personalities.—MRS. C. WILTON, 69 The Chase, Clapham, London, S.W.4.

. . . I did not get a booklet with my set, so I shall make a folder for the "A B C Of Better TV" and put it safely away until something goes wrong. — V. HARTSHORNE, 40 Queens Court, Kingsway, Wolverhampton.

. . . McDonald Hobley, for a short while our local celebrity, no longer graces the house "on the edge of the village green." His Scottish terrier Kilty, however, still lives here. He really laughs, and it is hard to recognize in him the sad little black bundle so often before the cameras.—DELIA PARTRIDGE, 14 Green Street, Chorleywood, Herts.

Hobley, only male regular announcer, has been in TV since the service restarted in 1946. He has temporarily left Chorleywood to be nearer his work in London.

. . . When a television set was installed in my home, we had to bear with an invasion of neighbours, relatives and friends of friends who had all come for a free look and to enjoy whatever other hospitality I provided. Then I had a brainwave. I put a charity collecting box on top of the set and passed it round after each show. The charity has benefited and audiences are limited to my immediate family and people I invite.—M. K. C., Tonbridge, Kent.

War And Peace

OUR train compartment between Toulon and Lyons was stuffy and overcrowded. Adding to the discomfort, a French couple were quarrelling in a corner. At last the man got up and went into the corridor. A few minutes later the woman followed, only to rush back and pull the communication cord. Chaos resulted. The train stopped and angry officials crowded into the compartment, to learn that a husband had been lost. Fifteen minutes later he was found in the toilet, and left his refuge to join in the mêlée. When the train restarted the couple sat amicably together sharing a magazine and a bar of chocolate.—SHEILA M'LELLAN, 26 Eastwoodmains Road, Giffnock, Glasgow.

Coming soon in John Bull

HE RODE WITH THE COSSACKS

Another exciting true story from Paul Brickhill's great new book ESCAPE—OR DIE

As It Is Played

FOOTBALL in South America, described by Elkan Allan (JOHN BULL, September 20), recalls a visit last February to Maine Road of the River Plate F.C. to play Manchester City. On a pitch ankle-deep in mud and water they gave a dazzling display of close-passing precision football. But when a penalty kick was awarded against them every member of the team, plus the president of the club and a couple of directors, surrounded the unfortunate referee in protest. After the game—which they won 4-3—the players danced in a circle round the Argentine flag, then bowed and kissed their hands to the spectators. — R. A. EATON, 40a Beech Road, Chorlton, Manchester.

Citizens On Tour

THE youth movement to which I belong aims to teach its members to be good citizens. We have visited the local police headquarters, the fire station—where we were told how to fight fires but not allowed to slide down the pole—a newspaper office, nurses' home, the telephone exchange and the post office. But few ratepayers are allowed to see the public services which they maintain. If more of these visits were organized, not only would people learn to use the services more intelligently, but much municipal apathy would be dispelled.—MISS H. D., Yorkshire.

The Far Country

AS an Australian living in London and not immune from bouts of homesickness, I much appreciated the serial in JOHN BULL of *The Far Country* by Nevil Shute. At the same time I could not help feeling that in his persistent desire to contrast England's rain and austerity with Australia's sun and plenty, the author ignores many of the attractions that Britain has, both for its inhabitants and for visitors. Cold and austere it may sometimes be, but the English way of life has a charm that is hard to resist.—K. M., London.

. . . I found myself hurrying home from work every Wednesday to read what happened next. It is the kind of story which could have happened in real life.—MISS PATRICIA COOPER, 93 Saltergate, Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

. . . I think he laid on the "drab England" stuff a bit too thick.—MRS. M. L., Birmingham.

. . . Having thoroughly enjoyed *The Far Country*, I cannot understand the criticism it has received on the grounds that the author paints too drab a picture of England—and a far too glowing one of Australia. Don't the critics realize that the descriptions of both countries are merely the backcloth against which the tender and gentle romance of Jenny and Carl is drawn? I suggest that many critics take their jobs too seriously and look for offence where none is intended.—MRS. JEAN RUSSELL, 2 Romola Road, Herne Hill, London, S.E.24.

Lettuce Lawn

BEFORE going on holiday a friend of mine bought grass seed from a well-known firm to sow a new lawn. On his

return he found a plantation of young lettuce. In an angry letter to the seedsmen my friend pointed out that it would be too late to cultivate a lawn this year. The next day two men drove up in a lorry, dug up the seedlings and, having prepared the ground, laid it with turf and departed, after handing over a written apology from their firm. There was no bill.—MRS. N. ELLESMERE, 35 Whitley Road, Eastbourne.

Healing Waters

FOR years doctors have urged exercise in water for poliomyelitis sufferers (JOHN BULL, September 13) and the Infantile Paralysis Fellowship has done everything possible to help. Recovery has been hastened dramatically through water exercise in dozens of cases. One farmer was carried to the baths on a stretcher. After a very short time he was able to walk with the aid of a stick and leg iron. Now he works on his farm and drives a tractor. Last June I spoke on this subject to the Baths Superintendents' conference. As a result public baths all over the country have been made available to swimming clubs of our branches, and the baseless fear of infection has been finally dispelled. — FREDERIC MORENA, Founder Secretary, Infantile Paralysis Fellowship, London, W.C.1.

Dream Of Escape

NEWS of the escape of Charles McCormac and others from the Japanese prison cage of Pasir Panjang, Singapore, told in *Escape—Or Die* (JOHN BULL, September 20), reached me in Changi Jail in 1942. I was a prisoner there from March, 1942, to May, 1944. We heard that all who escaped had been wiped out, so I am pleased to read that there were survivors. We all dreamed of escaping, but we dared not attempt it because of the dreadful punishment which the guards would have inflicted on those who were left behind.—WILLIAM JAMES MEAKIN, 6 Co-operative Street, Derby.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Both these men are 35!

Strong hair, growing strongly. An asset too readily taken for granted. Why has he been so favoured?

This man's hair has always been thin and brittle. And he has always been sensitive about it. Can anything be done?

People so often guess a man's age by his hair

WHY SHOULDN'T WE PUT THINGS BLUNTLY. Thinning hair puts 10 years on a man's age—and is taken to be a sign of failing powers. Grossly unfair? Yes. A first impression. But an impression that too often remains. And understandably; for a fine head of hair is a sign of admirable self-respect; and all the more so because the health of your hair is no longer entirely a matter of chance, it is much more a matter of science. Nowadays there is less and less excuse for unhealthy hair.

NEW, LIVING HAIR

The hair that you see in your mirror is dead—no more living than the tips of your fingernails. But, on a healthy scalp, every hair is constantly being replaced by new, living hair, growing outwards from the true growing point of the hair known as the 'papilla' or hair root.

Because hair grows, hair must be fed. When you think of it, that is obvious enough. To the papilla, a tiny blood vessel brings the material necessary for building hair, and keeping it in good health. If this nourishment fails, the hair will fall out *and will not grow again!* But what is the hair's food, and where does it come from?

Drawing based on a photomicrograph clearly showing the hair 'root' which must receive regular nourishment if the hair is to grow.

WHAT MAKES HAIR GROW?

Here is the most up-to-date picture. Hair, like a large part of all living matter, is formed from protein. What is protein? It is an organic substance made up of small units called amino-acids.

New hair consists of a special kind of protein called *Keratin*. And *Keratin*, in its turn, is built from as many as 18 different amino-acids. Your hair roots must receive a constant supply of *all* these amino-acids, if your hair is to grow and be healthy.

Under perfect conditions your body supplies these hair-forming substances. But if you are not in perfect health (and who is?) then these substances may be in short supply. And your hair begins to suffer. Many people, of course, never *have* had enough hair-forming substances. They suffer from a 'natural' shortage. In both these circumstances the scientific treatment is to supply extra amino-acids *from outside the body*. This can be done by massaging into the scalp the substance called Silvikrin. What is Silvikrin?

THE SECRET OF SILVIKRIN

A few drops of Silvikrin contain the building units of millions of healthy hair cells. For Silvikrin contains in an active state all the substances of which hair is formed: tryptophane, lysine, histidine, phenylalanine, leucine, isoleucine, methionine, valine, threonine, arginine, cystine, tyrosine, proline, serine, aspartic acid, glutamic acid, glycine and alanine. Massaged into the scalp, these substances directly nourish the hair roots. That is why Silvikrin is the hair's natural food.

You can buy Silvikrin in the exact form to meet your particular need: a concentrated solution for thinning hair and severe dandruff is known as Pure Silvikrin. There is also Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion for daily massage, and Silvikrin Lotion with Oil—the modern form of tonic dressing.

Silvikrin Laboratories also manufacture shampoos which are an essential part of the Silvikrin method of hair care.

The full, often startling benefit of Silvikrin cannot be achieved in a few days or even weeks. For Silvikrin is a scientific, bio-chemical treatment which aims at a *fundamental* improvement in your hair health. Silvikrin products, used regularly, improve the texture, appearance and health of your hair.

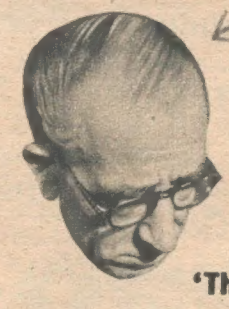
When you need Silvikrin

DANDRUFF

Shampoo your hair weekly with a *Silvikrin shampoo*. Massage the scalp, for at least two minutes night and morning, with *Silvikrin Lotion with Oil*. In severe cases use *Pure Silvikrin*.

OILY SCALP

Keep your scalp *really* clean with a *Silvikrin shampoo*. Massage for two minutes night and morning with *Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion*.



THINNING HAIR

Apply *Pure Silvikrin* night and morning, with the addition of a little *Silvikrin Lotion with Oil* if the hair is dry, or *Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion* if the scalp is rather too oily.

'The Book of the Hair'

This is the title of a new, authoritative treatise just published by Silvikrin. In its 36 pages you will find all you want to know about the growth and care of your hair. Send 7½d. in stamps to Silvikrin Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), County Building, Honeypot Lane, Stanmore, Middlesex.

Pure Silvikrin 12/6. Silvikrin Lotion with Oil and Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion both 2/9 and 4/10. Silvifix Hair Cream 4/6. Silvikrin Shampoos: Powder 8d. Liquid 1/6. Cream 1/6 and 2/4

SP.18

Have a GOOD RUM for your money

Comatose Clippie now fares better inside

Flo *used* to punch tickets like lightning. Lately she's been just one more poor conductor. "What's the matter now?" I said. "Missed the bus?"

"I always do," sniffed Flo. "I get that depressed with this constipation of mine, I feel like going underground."

"Talking of tubes . . . " I said.

"Who is?" grumbled Flo.

"I am," I said. "About *yours* — the 30 feet of tubing you've got in your lower deck. Everything you eat has to pass along inside it. But with eating a lot of soft starchy food, you don't give your bowel muscles anything to pull on and they don't work properly."

"Oo-er," cried Flo, "what happens then?"

"Standing inside!" I shouted. "There's a traffic jam — and you feel like a passenger on a crawling bus. When you get constipated like that," I said, "the only thing for you is *bulk*."

"I don't get it," puzzled Flo.

"You should," I said. "All it means is All-Bran for breakfast every morning. It gives those muscles the bulk they need to get your system regular!"

"Oh-ah?" said Flo.

But it did, you know. When I saw Flo next she looked like an omnibus edition of the world's great success stories. "You look a new woman," I said.

"And I feel it," chirped Flo. "That All-Bran made me 'regular' inside a week. It certainly is marvellous."

"Just the ticket," I said.

WHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SURELY AND GENTLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellogg's All-Bran gives your system "bulk" to prevent constipation. All-Bran's "bulk" enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so to sweep and clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active, and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast, or in buns or cakes. All grocers have it.

That PAIN just faded out...

This is how I heard about 'ASPRO' It was friends who told me about 'ASPRO'—but not until I used it did I realise what 'ASPRO' action means. Take two 'ASPRO' tablets and you'll feel the effect almost immediately. You'll feel the 'ASPRO' soothing away pain—chasing away colds and chills, feverishness, nerviness—and without doing you any harm. That's because of the special process by which 'ASPRO' is made. *TAKE IT FROM ME—*

'ASPRO's CERTAINLY Got SOMETHING for HEADACHES · COLDS RHEUMATIC PAIN · NEURALGIA SLEEPLESSNESS · SORE THROAT

5D. (1 tape) 1/9 (carton) SOLD EVERYWHERE

MADE BY ASPRO LIMITED, SLOUGH, BUCKS

Price per bottle 1/8
Family "Economy" Size 2/11

Get it off your chest with

ZUBES Regd.

Deep Action

COUGH MIXTURE

The modern formula that contains extra penetrating Asimilon. Asimilon is made specially for Zubes Laboratories.

Her winning 'double'

MORE NEW SHOES! HAD A RISE, DARLING?
OH, BOB— I'VE HAD THESE FOR SIMPLY AGES
THEY LOOK BRAND NEW, YOU MUST WALK ON AIR
AIR? NO, I ALWAYS WALK ON PHILLIPS STICK-A-SOLES
I CAN SEE I'M GOING TO HAVE A REALLY SMART WIFE!
PHILLIPS DOUBLE THE SMART LIFE OF SHOES

Take it from me Phillips do double the life of your shoes

Phillips

STICK-A-SOLES AND HEELS

There he was—tall, grey-eyed, thin. Lenore had not seen him for two years; but those years fell away as she ran from the plane to meet him

Beginning a great new novel—Book Society Recommendation

WINDOM'S WAY

by JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

IT WAS STILL DARK when they left the hospital compound. The air was almost cool. But ahead of them, over the sea, the stars were paling, and soon now, with the quick magic of the tropics, it would be bright, flaming day.

The man and the boy walked quickly down the village street. Usually, at this time, the man was alone, but today the boy had been waiting for him as he came from his bungalow and had asked to go along.

The man had hesitated.

"Please, my doctor."

And he had said, "All right. Come on."

He knew well enough what the boy wanted. He wanted to be allowed to go with him when he went in the hospital jeep to meet the plane. Maybe he would let him. The trip to the plane was lying heavily on his mind at this moment.

They came to the edge of the town and of the land. Here a small sluggish river emptied into the bay, and there were mudflats, mangroves, a warehouse and a rickety dock. Moored to the dock was a small skiff, and they climbed down into it and pushed off. The man rowed and the boy sat in the stern, pretending he was the navigator.

The boy was perhaps twelve, with a lithe, small-framed body and the smooth, flat features of his race. As he peered ahead over the lightening water, his eyes shone with a dark inner brightness. Then they met the man's eyes and smiled, and the man's eyes smiled back.

They were not black like the boy's, but a cool northern grey, and if there was tiredness in them there were also other things deeper than tiredness, and one of them was the smile. His face was long and flat-planed, with prominent nose and jaw, so that what you noticed in it was bone rather than flesh.

It might have been an ascetic face, had it not been for the broad moustached mouth and the thatch of rumpled greying hair, and it was burned to the colour and texture of reddish clay, which made the eyes appear even lighter than they really were.

His hands and forearms, too, were dark and weathered, but when presently he paused in his rowing to pull off his shirt, his body appeared, in contrast, an almost startling white. Like his face, it was more bone than flesh. His shoulders, hunched over the oars, seemed all

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

bone. If you were a patient, my friend, he thought, glancing down at himself, I'd have you on a month's diet of yam and rice. He shuddered slightly. Luckily a doctor didn't have to take his own medicine.

He rowed on quietly, as he had on so many other mornings during those past two years. On *how* many? he mused. A hundred? Two hundred? He would do it every morning, he had resolved after the first time. But being human—and often tired—he, of course, hadn't. He had done it when he needed to do it. And he needed to today.

The sun rose: a yellow eye burning level across the world. The sky was a fan of light, the hills shone, and the arc of the sea blazed with blue fire. Above them the rock of the headland glittered—and below them, too: a deep twilight-glitter falling away into liquid darkness.

The skiff nudged a half-sunken ledge, and the man tied the painter to a knob of coral. "Let's go," he said. "Be sure to stay inside the reef."

He dived into the water, and its soft coolness enveloped him like a silver shroud. He plunged and surfaced and lay on his back, with the sun warm on his closed eyelids; and now the tiredness behind them was gone, the tiredness in his bones was gone; heat and dust, the blah of voices, the smell of sweat and dung and formaldehyde—they were all gone; only the deep inward drone of the approaching plane was not gone.

He had been hearing it for hours. He pulled himself up into a sitting position on the reef and the boy sat beside him. He looked down at his legs, trailing long and gleaming in the water, and beyond his legs at the still depths below. Even down there he would hear the drone of the plane.

In the plane was his wife whom he had not seen for two years. . . .

THE village, which an hour before had been wrapped in darkness, lay like a parched scab on the living earth, when he tied up the skiff ashore again. But it was awake now, too—and living. All around them as they walked were chickens, dogs, mules, oxen and the small, brown, gentle people.

Some of the people said, "My doctor," some only smiled or nodded gravely, but not one passed by without recognition, and in the man's heart was a warmth deeper than that of the morning sun.

Then they reached the hospital gate and turned in, going not to the main building itself but to the small bungalow on the opposite side of the compound. In his room the man brushed his teeth, combed his hair and put on a khaki shirt, shorts and a pair of plimsolls. When he emerged, breakfast was already on the table on the screened porch and, as he ate, Anna Vidal came across the compound from the hospital with a sheaf of papers in her hand.

"Good morning, my doctor," she said as she came on to the porch. And the day began.

"Any new admissions?"

"Three men from the plantation."

"Malaria?"

"No, there was trouble yesterday."

"Again?"

"It was about a meeting that was called when they had finished work. Jan said——"

The girl cut herself off. Windom looked at her for a moment and then took another sip of his tea. "So Jan was in it," he said.

"He was only——"

"Yes. I know. He was only lying in bed and someone woke him up and told him about it." Windom set down his cup. "Can't you talk to your brother, Anna?" he said.

"I have tried, my doctor. Truly. But——"

"But maybe I'd better have a try at it." Windom raised his head and called: "Kosti!"

The boy appeared from inside.

"You've had your breakfast?"

"Yes, my doctor."

"Good. I want you to go to the house of Nurse Anna's mother. Tell her brother Jan I want to see him."

"Yes, my doctor."

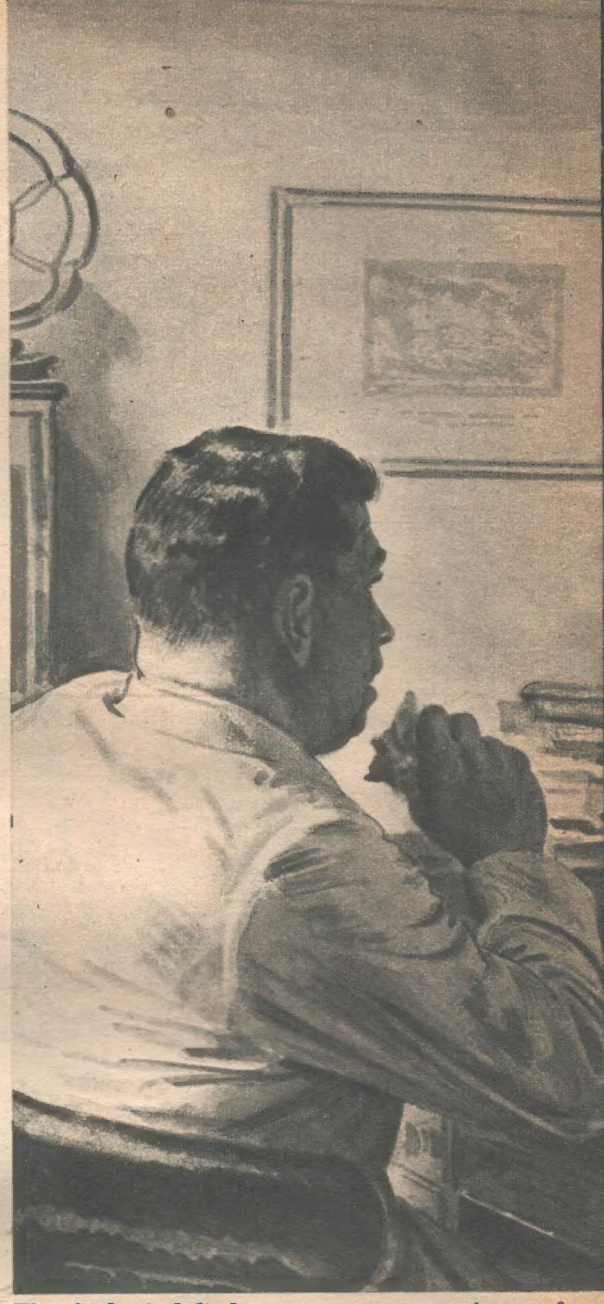
WINDOM went on with his breakfast, and the nurse sat waiting. She was a young woman of perhaps twenty-five; slim of body, delicate of feature; fully three inches taller than the average woman of her race, yet by Western standards small and almost fragile. Her skin was smooth and cream-coloured, her face oval, her eyes wide-spaced, large and black; there was serenity and devotion in those eyes. And her hair was black, too, straight combed and gleaming.

Now, as the doctor ate, she bent over the case-history sheets that she had brought and presently began commenting on them. Windom, however, listened less to her words than her voice. It was a voice that in two years he had never grown tired of hearing; a soft blend of her own native intonations and the English of the Royal Medical College at Singapore.

The yard, as they crossed it, was already blazing under the morning sun and the hospital seemed in contrast almost cool. It was a rambling one-storey building of teak and stucco, dating from the late nineteenth century, and over the main doorway you could still see where the words ANGLO-CATHOLIC MISSIONARY SOCIETY had been—more or less—scraped away and PAPAAN GENERAL HOSPITAL substituted. On the right, as they went in, was the dispensary, now occupied by a student nurse and perhaps a half-dozen waiting villagers. To the left was the cubicle that served Windom as an office. Entering it, he took a white jacket from a hook and put it on over his shirt, then with Anna Vidal he went on into the wards.

There were altogether only eight fever cases, including the dysenteries. Windom spent a few minutes at each bedside.

Then he came to the three men who had been brought in during the night. Two of them



The frightened little mayor was sweating under

had only flesh wounds and missing teeth, but the third was badly battered, with a broken arm and probably several cracked ribs as well.

"I have given him a quarter morphia," said Anna.

Windom examined him as well as he could. But he was less than satisfied. Orthopaedics without X-ray, he thought, was like navigation without a compass.

"I'll look at him later, in the O.R.," he said. Then he turned to the nearer of the other two men.

"Well, Petar?" he asked.

One of the man's eyes was swollen and closed. The other looked up at him, dark and pleading. "It was not our fault, my doctor," he said.

"No?"

"We had called a meeting, that is all. We called a meeting and the police came."

"It was the police who beat you?"

"Yes, my doctor."

"Bilko?"

"Yes, Bilko. And his men."

"Where was this meeting held?"

The man hesitated.

"It was on plantation property, wasn't it?"

"Yes, my doctor."

"Without permission from the management?"

"Yes."

"Whose idea was that, Petar?" asked Windom. "Who organized the meeting?"

The man started to answer, then looked at Anna and stopped.

"It was Jan Vidal, wasn't it?"

Still the man said nothing.

"All right, don't tell me. Jan will be here soon, and I'll get the story from him." Windom turned to go. "You and Fidel can leave when

"This was a story I had to write"

JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN recalls clearly the moment when the idea for *Windom's Way* came to him. "I knew," he says, "that best of all feelings that can come to a writer—'This is something I must say; this is something I have to write.'"

Windom's Way is only the third novel of Ullman's career. The first, *The White Tower*, was not written till the age of thirty-six, and was an immediate success. So was the next, *River Of The Sun*. Together they sold more than a million copies and collected five literary awards. *The White Tower* was also filmed, with Glenn Ford, Claude Rains and Valli.

Although he regards himself first and foremost as a writer, Ullman has one other great interest—mountains. The result of combining the two was *High Conquest*, a history of mountaineering. He has climbed some of the most formidable peaks of the Andes and also the notorious Matterhorn. His ambition, unchanged for twenty years, is to conquer Everest.

When he is not climbing mountains, or roaming the world gathering material for his books, he lives with his wife and two sons in Bermuda.

At forty-three, he finds it "a fine place to live, raise children and write." His next literary task: to turn *Windom's Way* into a play.

Ullman . . . at thirty-six, a sensational first novel

Schusterman's cold stare. Bilko leaned over, snapping his fingers. "There'll be no strike!" he said

you're ready, but be sure you keep those cuts clean. Pondar, of course, will have to stay a while."

Anna following, he left the ward and made his way to the dispensary. There were more people there now, and all of them wanted to talk to him, but there was nothing the nurses couldn't handle.

He went into his office. It was a small, white-washed room containing an old desk, two chairs, a shelf of medical books, and an electric fan that didn't work. Windom sat down at the desk. He began looking through the notes that lay there, and then, realizing that he had already read them, pushed them aside. Getting up, he paced a few times to and fro across the room. It was hot and still. The only sound was the droning of insects in the shrubs beyond the window.

The sound rose and fell, like the drone of a plane. . . .

Windom looked again at his watch.

It had been—how long?—three months at least since the last plane had landed in the valley. The airfield had been built by the Americans during the war and for a brief time had been an incredible jungle depot swarming with men and machines. But with the war's end that had ended, too. The fliers had flown away. The jungle had crept back over the quonset huts and rusted petrol drums, until all that was left was a narrow strip, marked on the air charts: *suitable for emergencies.*

Windom took from a drawer the telegram that had arrived the day before. *Arriving plane about ten tomorrow. Lee.*

What plane? Whose plane? . . . Windom smiled as he put the telegram down. Probably a maharaja's Constellation, he thought. Trust Lee.

The letter was in the drawer, too; it had come five days ago. He had been sitting at this same desk when Kosti brought it in, and he could still feel how his breath caught and his hands went tight when he had seen the script on the envelope and the postmark: Calcutta.

"I have waited until now to write you," she had written, "because I was afraid that at the last moment I might get cold feet."

And on the next page: "It would be fun, of course, just to drop in, but I've decided to play fair and give you a chance to get your houris and dancing girls out of the way."

And on the last: "Damn it to hell, I guess I still love you."

Windom closed the drawer. For a while he sat looking out of the window at the yellow glare of the compound. Then he heard someone outside the office. "Jan?" he called.

"No, it is I, my doctor."

Going to the door, he was confronted by a short, pudgy man with a nervous manner and dark, anxious eyes. "Oh, Lollivar," he said.

"May I speak with you, my doctor?"

"I have to meet a plane in half an hour. And I'm expecting——"

"Yes, I know whom you are expecting, but he is not coming. That is why I am here. Not on a social visit, you understand, but in my official capacity."

The mayor of Papaan sat down, took a handkerchief from the breast pocket of his white linen suit and wiped his face. It was a round, smooth face that from the front appeared wholly Oriental, but when seen in profile showed an almost Western structure, tipped by a long, thin nose. Dai Lollivar was a Eurasian. His mother had been a local woman, his father a French planter called L'Olivier. Along with Anna Vidal, he was one of the few inhabitants of the valley who had lived in the outer world, and there were rumours that he had been, variously, a lawyer in Hongkong, an officer in the Siamese Navy, and a laundryman in San Francisco. In any case, he had returned to Papaan after the war and soon become both its mayor and its leading merchant.

Windom sat down at his desk.

"Well?" he asked.

"Do you know where Jan Vidal is?"

"No."

"With Amyan." The mayor brought out the name dramatically, but Windom's response was merely a mild "oh."

Lollivar slapped the table with a chubby hand. "This Amyan is a dangerous man."

"Dangerous?"

"Yes. Who do you think it is behind this thing at the plantation? Who gives Jan his orders? Who makes all the trouble?"

"Amyan is old and sick."

"Yes, he is old. He is sick. But he is also——"

"He is also," said Windom warmly, "a fine, decent, unselfish man, and he's done more for the people of this valley than any ten other men put together."

Lollivar was taken by surprise. He pulled out his handkerchief again and mopped at his cheeks, and when next he spoke his voice was soft and conciliatory.

"Yes, my doctor, of course. He is a fine man, I am sure, and once a holy man. For many years he has been of much service. But just now, you see—like in this thing with Jan Vidal—he is making trouble."

"Not as much trouble as Schusterman, calling in the police."

"Mr. Schusterman is the plantation manager. He must protect his property."

"Or as Bilko, with those thugs of his, beating up harmless coolies."

The mayor frowned unhappily. "Yes," he conceded, "I know. Bilko is too severe, too direct. But what can I do, my doctor? He does not take his orders from me—you know that—but from the chief of police of the province."

Windom looked out of the window.

Lollivar continued: "Anyway, it is good that you will speak to Jan Vidal. It is this Amyan who tells him what to do, but he is too old to do it himself, and if Jan no longer does it there will be an end of the trouble." He spread out his hands. "That is all that I want, my doctor. This Amyan—yes, perhaps he is a good man—but foolish. And Jan, he is good, too, but young and headstrong. I do not wish anything against them, but only that they no longer have these meetings and disturbances. That there is no longer this trouble. I am a notable man, you understand?"

A figure had appeared in the door and the mayor glanced up. "Ah, good morning, my pretty one," he said.

"It is almost ten," Anna said to the doctor.

Windom got up, took off his white jacket and went to the door. The two men crossed the compound to where an old jeep was parked in the shade of the bungalow.

"Give you a ride?" Windom asked.

"With many thanks, my doctor."

The two men got in and Windom started the engine. But after he had driven a few yards, he stopped and looked back at the small, disconsolate figure standing on the bungalow steps.

"Come on, shake a leg there," he called brusquely. "We'll need someone to help with the baggage."

* * *

There were only the three of them in the plane: the pilot up front and Lenore Windom and Colonel Hasbrook behind him, side by side. The other front seat, and what little other

In Anna's soft, oval face and wide-spaced black eyes there was serenity and devotion

space remained, was occupied by baggage. It was close quarters, and the hot cabin reeked of petrol and oil, but compared to the alternative ways of making the trip, this was luxury itself and Lenore was aware of it and grateful.

"Papaan? People do not go to Papaan," they had informed her, two days before, at the hotel in the capital. The Visitors Bureau had suggested hiring a mule. But when she called at the American Legation, things had happened even faster than she had dared hope. The name Mrs. Alexander Windom had opened all doors. The minister and his wife had invited her to tea. And that same evening she had dined, by arrangement, with Colonel George Hasbrook, of the American Military Mission, who was on the point of making a flying tour of the Northern Provinces.

"I've just checked up," he had told her, "and the airstrip at Papaan is still usable. Besides, I've been wanting to meet your husband for a long time."

"Oh, you haven't, then?"

The colonel shook his head. "He's a regular darned hermit, you know. Best-known white man in the country, but he just sticks up there in the bush. It's strange the impressions you get, though. I'd imagined him as much older."

"Older? Than what?"

Hasbrook raised his glass and smiled. "Than for this to be such a delightful dinner," he said.

He had held her hand a moment too long when they said good night, and she had been a little worried. But the next day he had been all right. He was young for a colonel, attractive in a florid, big-shouldered sort of way, and had apparently had nothing else to do but squire her around the shops and cafés. By the time they left the city the following morning, she knew that he had won a D.S.C. at Okinawa, had a wife and two daughters in Indiana, and had played football for his college.

But in the plane he had obligingly stopped talking when he saw she didn't want to. Now she sat cramped in the reeking cabin, listening to the thump of her heart, which she knew was not caused by altitude. She wanted to get up, to move around, to walk and talk and stop thinking. Most of all she wanted a drink.

She had been very good about that, she thought. Not a single drink all the way from New York—until the two evenings with Hasbrook—and then it had not been because she wanted them but simply because it would have seemed prissy to refuse.

She wanted one now, though. The plane droned on. She closed her eyes.

Then presently—five minutes later? fifteen?—Hasbrook was touching her arm. Beyond the window the earth was nearer and tilted, and the colonel pointed and said, "There's the field."

It was not like any airfield she had ever seen before. There was no concrete, but only grass; no planes or hangars or towers or fuel trucks, but only a dozen odd scattered figures.

The plane struck earth, bounced, struck a second time, skidded and slowed. She sat very quietly, hands folded, while it jolted over the grass, made a sharp half-turn and stopped.

But when, a moment later, she stood up, she had to rest her hand on the arm of the seat to steady herself. The heat was almost suffocating. Where the roar of the engines had been there was now a monstrous humming stillness.

Then, through the stillness, she realized that the door was open. Hasbrook and the pilot were outside and now Hasbrook was helping her down. There were faces around her—brown faces—smooth and staring and strange, and they seemed to be pressing closer. And there he was. As brown as the others; tall, grey-eyed, thin . . . too thin, she thought; much too thin. Then the others were gone. Everything else was gone. She felt his cheek against her cheek and his hands against her shoulders and she was no longer in a strange place among strangers, but in the place where she belonged.

In the bedroom, there were two camp beds set close together, with a mosquito bar looped above them. There were two chests of drawers, a clothes cupboard, straw rugs and, beyond a connecting door, a tin-walled bathroom.

"The plumbing works," Windom told her, "if you don't take it by surprise."

On the two chests were bowls of freshly cut tropical flowers.

"How lovely," said Lenore.

"Anna picked them for you. My head nurse."

"Oh." She bent her face to the fragrant blooms. "They're beautiful."

Kosti glided in and out with the baggage. Then the sound of footsteps and voices became audible outside.

"I think it's the staff from the hospital come to welcome you," said Windom.

"Oh, dear," Lenore looked apprehensive. "I don't have to——"

"All you have to do is smile. If some of them stare, smile harder."

She had taken a hibiscus blossom from one of the bowls and was busy fastening it in her hair.

"All right?" she asked, turning.

He put his arm out and drew her closer and held her tight. He kissed her nose and then her cheek and then her lips, and then they stood quietly in each other's arms and she saw the little bristles on his throat under the jaw-line, where he always forgot to shave.

"Alec," she murmured.

"Yes, Lee."

He held her another moment. Then she wiped the lipstick from his face and they went outside.

Later, they sat with Colonel Hasbrook on the screen porch and Kosti brought cool drinks.

"It's a pleasure to meet you at last, Doctor," said the colonel. "You're quite a legend down-country, you know."

Windom smiled. "Now you can put them straight."

"The minister asked to be remembered. And all the rest, too. They wish you'd come down for a visit."

"Perhaps I shall, one of these days." Windom's smile broadened. "I might even come tomorrow if I could pick up an X-ray machine."

"An X-ray, eh? That's what you need?"

"It's one of the things. Don't get me started on the list."

Hasbrook rubbed the broad wedge of his jaw, then he leaned forward a little. "On the contrary, Doctor," he said. "I'd like you to give me that list." Windom started to speak, but he waved off the interruption. "As a matter of fact, we were talking about you just a few days ago down at the legation. About the work you're doing up here."

"It doesn't amount to——"

"I'm not buttering you up. I'm giving you the facts." Hasbrook took a pull at his drink and set it down carefully. "Look, Doc—you don't get out of the woods much and maybe you don't see the larger picture. But things aren't too good in this damn' country. No better than in the rest of South-East Asia. The government's a corrupt mess. Up north are the Reds. And in between——" Hasbrook paused and shrugged. "In between, there's you. The only American who's really living out with the gooks. The only one they've got some respect for and might listen to."

"I'm not a politician, Colonel," said Windom. "I'm a doctor. And as for what you call the gooks——"

"You're out here doing a job for them and they know it. And that's why we in turn want to do a job for you. That X-ray machine, whatever else you need—put them down for me and we'll get them for you."

He went on talking. Windom nodded and occasionally spoke. His attention, however, was only half with the colonel. In ordinary circumstances, such a visit and such an offer would have held him engrossed, but it so happened that he was sitting in the same room as his wife for the first time in two years.

Lenore sat in a rattan chair in the corner, quietly listening. When he had first seen her at the airstrip she had seemed taller and thinner than before, but now he realized that that had been only because of the smallness of the people around her. She had not changed. She was the same. The long, lovely legs, the slim waist, the flower-blue eyes and carefully careless yellow hair; they were all the same, bright and light and glowing in the hot drabness of the little bungalow. That, he thought, had always been the primal quality beneath all her other, often conflicting qualities. Lightness—of step, of gesture, of smile, of voice; the lightness of a girl in the heart and body of a woman.

". . . and when I found what charming company I'd have," the colonel was saying, "a flight up to Papaan took top priority."

He raised his glass, found it was empty, and

Continued on page 25

Hardern and his secretary try out a deck chair and a stool which fold as small as an umbrella. He keeps a team of experts to baffle publicity seekers

Leslie Hardern puts the bright ideas on television

by WILFRED GREATOREX

***Inventors' Club* makes him the patron saint of genius and crank alike—equally at home with unsinkable boats or bottle openers**

THE BULL in the television studio was giving trouble. Against the better judgment of many B.B.C. men, it had been borrowed for a demonstration of a painless cattle-gag in *Inventors' Club*. When the inventor nervously tried to put the gag in its mouth during dress rehearsal, the animal started stamping its hooves and tossing its head menacingly.

Cameramen and lighting assistants looked with concern at their costly equipment and kept a wary eye on the handiest exits. The producer, Andrew Miller-Jones, rushed from his panel and joined a group of technicians, inventors and sensation-seekers on the studio floor. "We'd better call this off," he said. "Too many risks. It could put television right off the air."

But a mild little man with thinning brown hair and thick-lensed spectacles did not agree. "Leave it to me," he offered. "I'll do the gagging." That night, when the programme went on the air, viewers saw the volunteer being dragged round in circles. He seemed in a bad way. "In fact," says Leslie Hardern today, "I found it wasn't half so nasty as it looked. The cameraman just made the most of it. I was stroking the bull's neck and fondling its ears the whole time."

Hardern, a shy sideliner of forty-eight who works as public relations officer, farmer, broadcaster and design expert, is used to meeting trouble halfway in his rôle as founder-organizer of *Inventors' Club*. When he first put up his idea for the programme, the B.B.C.'s lawyers were against it. They feared the Corporation might be dragged into litigation over plagiarisms and patent rights. "Leslie," recalls a colleague, "shook everybody by offering to take full responsibility himself. Nobody has thought of suing him. The inventors regard him as their patron saint."

Since April, 1948, about 6,000 inventions have been submitted to Hardern. They range from an unsinkable boat to an expanding collar-stud, and include such boons and brainwaves as a non-spill powder-box, an automatic cow-yoke, a silent lavatory flush-tank, a perpetual calendar, a ceiling paperer, an insulated teapot, a number of improved bottle-openers, and such devices as a silent butler (a revolving container, fitted into the wall of a house, in which tradesmen can leave their goods), an instrument for cutting one's own hair and a cowl for making cigarettes last longer.

Once, Hardern got an imposing parcel with four layers of wrapping. Inside was a baffling creation of muslin, tape and rubber which turned out to be a head-harness for protecting children against table corners. Another inventor sent in a rat-and-bird fooler designed to save farm feeding stuffs from magpies and rodents.

There was also a streamlined stocking suspender. This caused presentation problems. Finally, Hardern and his colleagues decided to bring in a woman journalist who would discreetly pull the stocking up a model leg and then fasten the patent suspender. But the

Husband and wife inventors Mr. and Mrs. Montrose show their pegless clothes line to Geoffrey Boumphrey. Its two ropes are twisted together; the clothes are merely slipped between them

cameras caused confusion. "We had gone to great pains to keep the thing absolutely pure," says Hardern, "but the picture suggested that the journalist was pulling the stocking up her own leg. The effect was positively Parisian."

Some inventions introduced by Hardern are now bringing their creators royalty fortunes of £50,000 and more. At least one *Inventors' Club* discovery expects to become a millionaire. Others now run their own manufacturing and distributing firms. Richard Evans, a Surbiton constructional engineer, has had more than 750,000 of his patent mousetraps made since he showed the prototype on TV two years ago. A Bournemouth hotel-keeper's wife who demonstrated her device for cutting food into attractive shapes got a 50,000 order from Australia.

£1,000 Bid For An Idea

Financiers, manufacturers and patent agents watch the programme closely. They are quick to react to any invention that takes their fancy. No sooner had Harry Bickle, of Ealing, finished demonstrating his accordion-shaped tube for holding toothpaste and greases than a manufacturer telephoned the studios with an offer of £1,000 for the idea. Other bids followed. "I wasn't selling," says Bickle, "but at least it showed how TV gives the inventor the key to manufacturers' offices. In the past they've regarded us as crackpots to be kept away."

The day before Bickle was due to appear in *Inventors' Club* with another of his gadgets, a sales director said his firm would like a preview. At nine o'clock next morning the whole board of directors turned up and sat in their shirt-sleeves to watch. "Once," says Bickle, "I would have done well to get beyond the commissionaire."

While Hardern likes to see inventors' work taken up by industry, he nevertheless goes to great lengths to prevent anything that might be construed as an infringment of the B.B.C.'s no-advertising policy. "We make it a condition of acceptance that anything we show must not be already on the market or under-written by a manufacturer."

Now and then unscrupulous firms seek to cash-in on the publicity value of *Inventors' Club* by concealing their interest in an invention. They are up against a team of half-a-dozen backroom experts, as well as what George Noordhof, present producer of the programme, calls "Hardern's prodigious memory for ideas and inventions."

On only a few occasions have inventors tried to abuse their privilege. One circularized a group of companies in a specialized industry, advising them to look-in one night. Annoyed, Hardern traced the culprit, who refused to admit that he was responsible. "As our evidence wasn't conclusive," Hardern tells, "we gave him the benefit of the doubt."

Dealing With The Cranks

This generosity characterizes Hardern's attitude to his job. He writes encouragingly to inventors whose gadgets fail to come up to *Club* standards, and has several times saved some misguided pioneer years of hard thought and effort in seeking something that already exists. He even keeps up a polite and often amusing correspondence with the cranks.

A man living near London wrote to Hardern saying he had found a simple chemical substitute for the parachute. It could be carried in a waistcoat pocket or handbag and, in case of emergency, the carrier would float gently down to earth. Hardern asked for the formula. By return post came an impressive list of chemical ingredients which, the inventor explained cannily, was not complete. For secrecy's sake he had withheld some. Hardern replied that some of the chemicals might be in short supply. "After that," says Leslie, "his ardour seemed to cool a little."

There was also the woman who claimed to have invented a sex-detector. "When you hold

Vacuum cleaner hair-drier goes on TV. For some inventors, the programme means fortunes

it over the head of an expectant mother," she explained, "it turns clockwise for a boy and anti-clockwise for a girl." Hardern resisted the temptation to ask what happened in the case of twins of each sex, but gently pointed out that it might be hard for the B.B.C. to demonstrate it. "Don't worry," the woman persisted, "we won't need an expectant mother. Any woman will do. For that matter I could try it out on you."

Boy Taught The Experts

Inventors' Club has also unearthed a few geniuses. "Part of the fun," says Hardern, "is that a new Whittle might turn up with something mightier than the jet under his arm." Recently, a fourteen-year-old Nottingham schoolboy named J. A. Lowrie sent in a design for a new-style double-deck bus. The drawing was so mature that Hardern forwarded it to Harold Hutchison, London Transport publicity officer, with a suggestion that Hutchison might like to give the lad a pat on the back.

Hutchison showed it to technical officers. "It turned out," Hardern tells, "that Lowrie had solved a problem that had occupied research staffs for six years: how to make lower double-deckers. Mainly, he did it by moving the engine from front to back, so saving the height normally taken up by the transmission system. He had an answer to all the experts who questioned him. There were snags to be ironed out, but it was a real inspiration."

Every invention is vetted by Hardern before it gets to the audition stage. He satisfies himself about its originality and effectiveness on paper, then invites the inventor to demonstrate it to a panel which usually includes Geoffrey Boumphrey, inventor, author and broadcaster, and John Gilbert as technical assessors.

At these auditions, the only meetings of the club, Hardern needs all his professional smoothness to keep relations happy. "Inventors," he says, "are usually shy people, and you have to humour them." Some take unkindly to criticism. Others bluster when they see that their life's work is not having the desired effect on the panel. One man, incensed at the selectors' doubts about the efficacy of his invention, refused to stop talking. Finally, out of breath, he stalked off in disgust, leaving his judges limp.

In cases of real difference of opinion, the panel reserves judgment. There was an instance of this when an inventor cut his own hair, which he had allowed to grow especially long, with a gadget he had made for the purpose. When he finished, the experts agreed, says Hardern, that it was hardly the cut a Londoner would want to wear. The inventor, however, contended that most men in Britain would be quite satisfied with it.

Nerves play a big part during auditions. Inventors have been known to walk up and down the street outside until called; one brought his wife to do the demonstration; some bring supporters. Once a man disappeared. He lost his confidence and quietly slipped away without being heard.

"Went At It Like Fury"

Some months ago, an inventor came to show the double-bladed razor he had designed to save shavers the trouble of having to go over the same face-area twice. "He surprised us," says Hardern, "by challenging anybody to time him with a stop-watch. We had not expected a speed bid. But he went at it like fury, using cold water. After the third or fourth stroke he cut himself. We told him to take it easy, but he gashed his face several times and there was blood all over the place."

Hardern's inventors include blacksmiths and bank managers, policemen, publicans, housewives, schoolboys, district nurses, two knights and scores of civil servants. A sailor turned up with a pegless clothes-line. Farmers have evolved improved sowing and feeding methods. A prefabricated garden incinerator was made by an actor.

Mostly, Hardern finds, inventors are conventional in appearance—though once *Inventors' Club* was graced by a man wearing a purple and green tweed suit, a tartan shirt and a French bow tie. "The total effect was interesting," says Hardern. "I asked him how I should introduce him." The inventor revealed that he was a supervising gas-meter collector.

He Helps With Patents

As amateurs, many of the inventors know little about Patent Office regulations. Before showing their work, they are invariably told by Hardern to take out a provisional patent covering them for a year. It costs £1. "Usually, this is quite enough for a start. Some inventors have wasted their life savings tying up world rights on devices that are hardly worth the paper they're drawn on." In this capacity as adviser, Hardern acts as an individual. Knowing the rewards that can come to a successful inventor after a TV appearance, he also makes a point of advising the creators of likely gadgets not to sell outright.

Not long ago, an Ealing inventor, W. F. Howard, showed a piece of work that had taken him years to perfect—a working replica of a seagull which, says Hardern, really reproduced bird-flight. All the other inventors present applauded—a demonstration unique in the history of the programme. Afterwards, Hardern took Howard aside and gave his usual advice about royalties.

But Howard held strong views on the matter himself. "I'm selling outright," he said, laughing. "Wouldn't you, if you were eighty-five?"

By experience and personal choice Leslie Hardern is a super-salesman and man of the world. He studied languages and economics at Cambridge and later marketed textiles abroad, spending two years in Italy. He did market research in the Americas and West Indies for the Lancashire Cotton Corporation, an experience that sharpened his appreciation of the value of gadgets.

After some years running a garment factory in Manchester, he joined the Gas, Light and Coke Company to reorganize the sales side. Just before the war he took over the company's public relations, and does similar work today for the North Thames Gas Board.

He lives on a farm near Haywards Heath, Sussex, where many of the agricultural gadgets submitted to *Inventors' Club* are tried out. The cattle-gag had been used there long before the Alexandra Palace "incident." Hardern tested the Evans mousetrap in an outbuilding that was overrun with mice. He completely cleared the place.

Friends Are His Victims

He also takes home a succession of bottle-openers, none of which has so far satisfied him. One involved hitting the bottom of the bottle, but Hardern (an official of the Wine and Food Society) found that this ruined good wine by disturbing the sediment.

In such moments of disappointment he has been known to call himself the "number one victim of the gadgeteers." His friends also suffer. Hardern thinks nothing of getting them to express expert opinion on a variety of devices that fall outside his own scope. His professional contacts also come in handy when testing facilities are needed.

Recently, an inventor submitted a harness to keep the spine intact in car crashes. Hardern got in touch with an executive at a famous car-manufacturer's and asked for the loan of a car that would not mind being crashed at forty miles an hour. For once, he was turned down. "They thought that with the present scarcity of cars it would be bad publicity to wreck one on purpose."

THE END

OXO

MAKES COOKING SO EASY

TEN YEARS AFTER *by Captain B. H. LIDDELL HART*

I discover the truth about Stalingrad

Cross-examination of German generals revealed to Britain's foremost military critic an astonishing fact: during the Russian battles, Hitler secretly wrecked the plan of his own High Command

EVERYONE KNOWS THAT Stalingrad was the turning point of the second World War. From the time the Germans first attacked the city in August, 1942, until February the following year, it became a symbol of the defence of the Soviet Union. It was more than a symbol, however; it was a king-pin of the Russian defence. The Germans frequently seemed about to take the city, and at times they were in occupation of large areas of it, but the Russians' counter-attack in November, 1942, succeeded, and the whole German Army under Field Marshal General Friedrich von Paulus was forced to capitulate in February.

But how and why Hitler's plans went wrong long remained a mystery. I have probed it in discussion with the German generals who had key parts in directing operations in this far-sweeping bid for victory over Russia. Here are the salient points of the story as uncovered and pieced together.

The first revelation is that Hitler had a different objective in his mind from the one he agreed with Halder, the Chief of the General Staff. The second revelation, still more astonishing, is that Hitler never told Halder what he had in mind. Thus the man who, at the German Army Headquarters (called, for short, O.K.H.), had the job of planning and controlling the operations remained unaware all the time of Hitler's actual intentions. Hitler communicated these privately to the leader of the spearhead army, von Kleist.

It is not surprising that things went wrong. No plan could stand the strain of two aims running in different directions.

Von Kleist is still a prisoner in Soviet hands, but he was in ours for a time after the war and I was able to have several talks with him before he was handed over—initially to the Jugoslavs. My personal discussions with Halder were in 1950, and again this summer. He did not know of von Kleist's evidence until he heard of it from me, and it provided him with clues to things that puzzled him.

Not Yet Sure Of Himself

This is what Halder told me of the side of the Stalingrad issue that he saw: "In Hitler's written order to me to prepare an offensive in the summer of 1942, the objective given was the Volga at Stalingrad. He raised no objection to the plan and executive order that I issued.

"But it seems to me quite likely that in his over-estimation of his own forces and under-estimation of the enemy forces—so typical of him—he was, early on, inwardly opposed to the limitation in the choice of objectives ordered by the O.K.H. south of the River Don. I remember some critical remarks made just at that time, about the lack of daring and initiative on the part of the General Staff. But Hitler did not connect them with the restriction shown on the subject of objectives south of the Don. Obviously he was then not yet sure enough of himself to express his objections to the O.K.H. order."

General Warlimont, who is the senior surviving member of Hitler's staff at the Supreme Headquarters (O.K.W.), threw light on Hitler's veiled shift of the primary aim, and the reason why he put the capture of the Caucasus before that of Stalingrad. Warlimont told me:

"The underlying idea was fostered by the prospect of economic gains in the south, especially wheat, manganese and the Caucasus oil. To Hitler's mind it was even more important to cut off the Russians from these supplies, supposedly indispensable for their continuance of the war. Thus he believed he could bring the Russian war-machine to a standstill."

Hitler put it the other way round to Kleist, to whom he gave his private instructions on April 1—which was never a greater Fools' Day.

"Hitler said we must capture the oilfields by the autumn, because Germany could not continue the war without them. When I pointed out the risks of leaving such a long flank exposed, he said he would draw on Rumania, Hungary and Italy for troops to cover it. I warned him, and so did others, that it was rash to rely on such troops, but he would not listen."

These doubts, and warnings, were fully borne out in the end. But the gamble came very near to succeeding. The German offensive was dazzlingly successful at the start. The Russians were weakened by their huge losses of men and

KLEIST: "Our advance carried us nowhere. We were striking against an intangible foe"

HALDER: "Hitler made no objection to my plans. But he was secretly opposed to them"

ZEITZLER: His warnings were ignored. When events proved him right, Hitler became hostile

equipment in 1941, and their new armies were not yet ready. The German spearheads drove rapidly eastward from Kursk down the wide corridor between the Don and the Donetz. Kleist's Panzer army then pushed across the Lower Don and drove into the Caucasus.

In six weeks from the start, the Germans reached and captured the nearest oilfields. But they never succeeded in gaining the main sources—which lay beyond the mountains. "The primary cause of our failure," Kleist said, "was shortage of petrol. The bulk of our supplies had to come by rail from the Rostov bottleneck, as the Black Sea route was considered unsafe."

The Panzer divisions were repeatedly brought to a standstill, and that brake continued—sometimes they were halted for weeks on end, waiting for fresh supplies. Owing to this shortage the petrol lorries themselves were immobilized and petrol was brought forward on camels—an ironical revival of the "ship of the desert."

Railway Over The Steppes

Good use of the chance to recover was made by the Red Army. "The Russians brought reserves round the southern Caucasus and also from Siberia," Kleist told me. "These developed a menace to my flank here, which was so widely stretched that the Russian cavalry could always penetrate my outposts whenever they chose. Their flank concentration was helped by the railway that the Russians built across the steppes, from Astrakhan southward. It was roughly laid, straight over the level plain without any foundation. Efforts to deal with the menace by wrecking the railway proved useless, for as soon as any section was destroyed fresh rails were quickly laid down, and joined up.

"My patrols reached the shores of the Caspian, but that advance carried us nowhere, for my forces in this quarter were striking against an intangible foe."

Kleist went on trying to reach his objective until November. But then bad weather held him up, and after a short interval the Russians counter-attacked. "In this counter-attack, a Rumanian division, which I reckoned as a good one, suffered a sudden collapse and threw my plan out of joint. After that, a stalemate set in."

Kleist had come close to his goal, however, and would probably have attained it if his forces here had not been drawn away bit by bit to help the other German forces which were now trying desperately to capture Stalingrad. In that direction, the attack had developed late and run into increasing trouble.

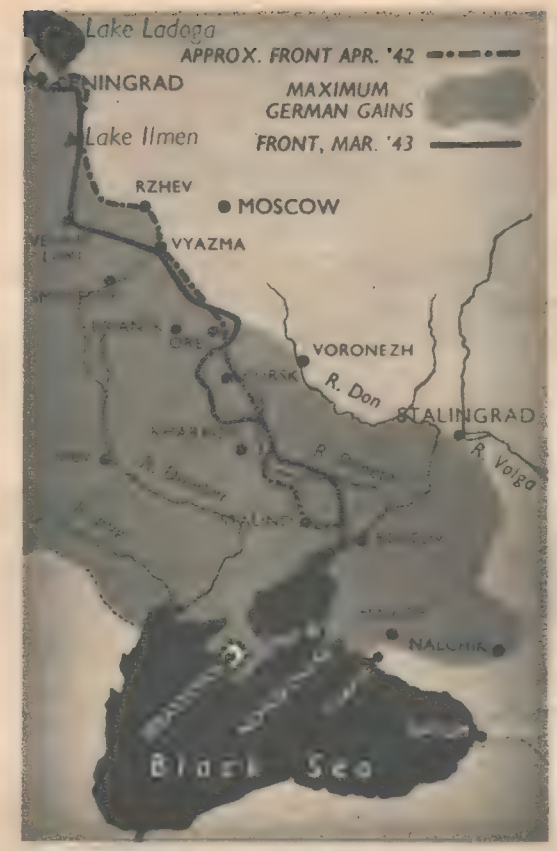
General Blumentritt, then Deputy Chief of the General Staff, expressed his view very pungently in discussing the issue with me.

"It was absurd to attempt to capture the Caucasus and Stalingrad simultaneously in face of strong resistance. My own preference, which I expressed at the time, was to concentrate first on taking Stalingrad. I felt that capturing the oil was less important than destroying the Russian forces. Although it was not possible to contradict economic experts who asserted that it was essential to obtain the oil, if we were to continue the war, events disproved their contention. For we managed to carry on the war until 1945 without ever securing the Caucasus oil."

Bloodless Victory Missed

The supreme irony of the 1942 campaign was that Stalingrad could have been taken quite early if it had been considered of prime importance. Kleist's account revealed this. "The 4th Panzer Army was advancing on that line, on my left. It could have taken Stalingrad without a fight, at the end of July, but was diverted south to help me in crossing the Don. I did not need its aid, and it merely congested the roads I was using. When it turned north again, a fortnight later, the Russians had gathered just sufficient forces at Stalingrad to check it."

Never again did the prospect look so bright for the Germans as in the second half of July. The



Map of the war's turning point

rapid sweep of the two Panzer armies had not only hustled the Russians out of successive positions but created a state of confusion favourable to further exploitation. That accounted for the ease with which the German armoured forces were able to gain crossings over the Lower Don. There was hardly anything to stop them from driving where they wished—south-eastward to the Caucasus or north-eastward to the Volga. Most of the Russian forces were still to the west of the Lower Don, outstripped in their retreat by the Panzers' pace.

When the 4th Panzer Army missed the chance of taking Stalingrad with a rush, through its temporary diversion, the situation began to change. The Russians had time to rally and collect forces for the defence of Stalingrad.

Name Was A Challenge

By the time that the more deliberate bid for Stalingrad began, in the second half of August, the Russians had collected more reserves there. Check followed check. It was easier for the Russians to reinforce Stalingrad than the Caucasus, because it was nearer their main front. Hitler became exasperated at these repeated checks. The name of the place—"the City of Stalin"—was a challenge. He drew off forces from his main line, and everywhere else, in the effort to overcome it—and exhausted his army.

The more closely the Germans converged on the city, the more their own power of manoeuvre became cramped, whereas the narrowing of the front helped the defender in moving his reserves more quickly to a threatened point on the diminished arc. At the same time, the Germans' concentration at Stalingrad increasingly drained reserves from their flank-cover, which itself was already strained by having to stretch so far—nearly 400 miles from Voronezh along the Don to Stalingrad, and as far again from there to the Caucasus.

An uncomfortable realization of these handicaps led the German General Staff to tell Hitler as early as August that it would be impossible to hold the line of the Don, as a defensive flank, during the winter. The warning was not appreciated. All defensive considerations were subordinated to the aim of capturing Stalingrad.

On the surface, the defenders' position came to appear increasingly perilous, or even desperate, as the circle contracted and the enemy came closer to the heart of the city. The most critical moment was on October 14. The defenders now had their backs so close to the Volga that they had little room left in which to practise shock-absorbing tactics. They could no longer afford to sell ground to gain time.

But beneath the surface, fundamental factors were working in their favour. The attackers' morale was being sapped by heavy losses, a growing sense of frustration, and the coming of winter, while their reserves were so fully absorbed as to leave the overstretched flanks without resiliency. They were thus becoming ripe for the Russian counter-stroke.

The Long "Allied" Front

The collapse of the flanks was foreshadowed long before it actually occurred. Emphasizing this fact, Blumentritt said: "The danger to the long-stretched flank of our advance developed gradually, but it became clear early enough for anyone to perceive it who was not wilfully blind. During August the Russians by degrees increased their strength on the other side of the Don, from Voronezh south-eastward. A number of short and sharp attacks on their part explored the weaknesses of the German defence along the Don. These exploratory attacks showed them that the 2nd Hungarian Army was holding the sector south of Voronezh, and the 8th Italian Army was holding the sector beyond that. There was only a slight German stiffening in this long 'Allied' front.

"Halder had sent me on a flying visit to the Italian sector, as an alarming report had come that the Russians had penetrated it and made a large breach. I found the attack had been made by only one Russian battalion, but an entire Italian division had bolted.

"I spent ten days in that sector, and after returning made a written report to the effect that it would not be safe to hold such a long defensive flank during the winter.

"General Halder endorsed this report and urged that our offensive should be halted. But Hitler would not listen. During September the tension between the Fuehrer and Halder increased, and their arguments became sharper. To see the Fuehrer discussing plans with Halder was illuminating. The Fuehrer used to move his hands in big sweeps over the map—'Push here; push there.' It was all vague and regardless of practical difficulties. There was no doubt he would have liked to remove the whole General Staff, if he could, by a similar sweep. He felt them to be half-hearted about his ideas.

"Finally, Halder made it clear that he refused to take the responsibility of continuing the advance. He was dismissed, at the end of September, and replaced by General Zeitzler.

"Zeitzler did not at first worry the Fuehrer by constant objections in the way that Halder had done. Thus Hitler pursued his aims unchecked, except by the Russians, and our armies were committed more deeply. Before long, Zeitzler became gloomy about the prospect and argued with the Fuehrer that maintaining our armies forward near Stalingrad throughout the winter was impossible. When the outcome proved the truth of his warnings, the Fuehrer became increasingly hostile to Zeitzler. He did not dismiss him, but he kept him at arm's length."

He Backed His Instinct

Summing up the situation, Blumentritt said: "There would have been no risk of panic in withdrawing this time, for the German troops were now properly equipped for winter fighting, and had got over the fear of the unknown that had frightened them the year before.

"Hitler, however, would not budge. His 'instinct' had proved right the year before, and he was sure that it would be justified again. So he insisted on 'no withdrawal.' The result was that when the Russians launched their winter counter-offensive his army at Stalingrad was cut off, and forced to surrender. We were already too weakened to bear such a loss. The scales had turned against Germany." THE END

Clutching the sack of jewels, Furse ran over the misty sands with Constanta. And then, from the launch behind them, a revolver shot rang out

The House of the Seven Flies

by VICTOR CANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIPHANT

Furse knew he was a fool to trust Charlie. Constanta and he had to save themselves now—and the diamonds

FOR THE FIFTH TIME, Edward Furse dived down to the sunken launch. The strain was terrific. He had no diving suit: everything depended on his lungs.

He was diving for a quarter of a million pounds—in diamonds, stolen by Germans from a Dutch bank during the war. Now they lay in the Maas estuary near Jan Beukleman's farmhouse, known as the House of the Seven Flies.

Furse, a charter-yachtsman, had found out the exact spot from papers belonging to Isaak Sluiter, now dead. Sluiter had been working with a girl named Constanta Straatsma, who ran a tugboat company. They had been trying to win the bank's reward for the stones.

Ninus Rohner, a Rotterdam gangster, was also after the treasure. He had offered Furse a partnership in exchange for Sluiter's secret, and, when Furse refused, had him beaten up. Furse certainly hadn't seen the last of him.

Furse knew perfectly well that what he was doing was illegal. So, now, did Constanta. She begged him to give up the search and go to the police. He had already been ordered out of Holland by Inspector Molenaar, of the Rotterdam police. He was only piling up trouble for himself.

He tried to fight down his feelings for the girl. No woman, he told himself, was worth a quarter of a million. But in his heart he knew she was right. He told Charlie Ponz, his partner in the venture, that he would surrender the diamonds and they would split the reward with Constanta. Charlie shook his head sadly. He wasn't used to doing things legally.

But Furse had still to find the stones. Then he could go to Molenaar with a guarantee of good faith. At least he would have the satisfaction of outwitting Rohner.

Time, and the incoming tide, were working against Furse. Constanta's eyes never left the water where he had gone under. If he did not come up soon, she would dive in after him. She and Charlie were so tense with anxiety that neither of them saw a boat approaching silently from the sea.

FINAL INSTALMENT

The Return Of Rohner

AT last Furse came up about fifteen yards below the boat. He swam back to the dinghy, his eyes half-closed in the desperation of physical exhaustion. For a moment down below he had thought he was never going to get up again.

He grabbed the counter of the dinghy, and felt a hand slip under his arm and hold him up. Constanta's face appeared mistily before him and he gave her a wry smile. He hung there, coughing with the salt water in his lungs, and slowly his head cleared.

"It's no good," he said. "We might just as well pack up and——" His words died away. He saw Constanta's face, grave, and about her lips a slight tremble that might have meant nearness to tears or anger. Behind her Charlie

STARTING IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

A RAY OF DARKNESS

JOHN BULL begins publication next week of the most revealing book ever written from the mysterious world of epilepsy. It is the work of Margiad Evans, the well-known poet and novelist. In the passionate words of a gifted writer, she tells next week the detailed story of her first major fit, which brought to her the knowledge that she was an epileptic.

"I put down my pen, feeling suddenly tired," she writes. "I looked up at the clock—a strange chance—and saw that it was ten minutes past eleven. The next thing, I was still looking up at the clock and the hands stood at five and twenty minutes past midnight. I had fallen through Time, Continuity and Being."

Her subsequent experiences, including the birth of her first child, and her treatment at a famous neurological institute, are described in the same graphic terms. This is a book which admits the reader into the terrors of the epileptic. It has been praised by doctors as a contribution to knowledge of this strange affliction. Do not miss . . .

MARGIAD EVANS: "My story is an adventure of body and mind"

Margiad Evans's great case-history of epilepsy

THE AUTHOR WRITES: "I am a woman of forty-two, knowing no more of philosophy or psychology than any writer who has observed people and tried to create them. My mood, after a year of major epilepsy, is to accept and not reject the experience. The longing to write of one's symptoms appears like an inspiration to write a great story. The telling is as simple as I can make it. There is no teaching, no philosophy and no comfort intended in it. It is the truth, most of it exactly as it was written down at the time. for I have my diaries."—*Margiad Evans.*

THE CRITIC WRITES: "This is a valuable case-history; but it is also a spiritual pilgrimage, steered as it were by a poet's eye and lit by a poet's prose. Without self-pity, she recounts the mental and physical ordeals of her disease; and the narrative becomes almost too poignant when we learn that she —past forty—was with child for the first time, often alone in a remote cottage, liable without warning to fall as in death. Not often does a major artist describe for us and for our healers a private tragedy of this sort."—*J. H. B. Peel in "The Observer."*

was watching him, too. The round, boyish face was lax, the corners of the mouth drooping lugubriously.

"What's the matter with you two?" he asked. Before they could reply, he became conscious of a gentle thudding in the air. He turned his head and saw, close to the bows of the dinghy, the clumsy form of a cruiser.

Standing on deck was Rohner.

Furse's surprise was so great that for a moment he stared stupidly at the man.

Rohner was smiling, a revolver in his hand. "You must accept the inevitable. I always told you I would come in when the moment was right—but this time there's no partnership. Get in the boat and put your clothes on."

Furse hesitated for a moment. In the boat with Rohner were his girl friend, Elsa, and his henchmen, Pieter and Dekker, also with a gun. Rohner's smile was that of a man who stood on top of the world and meant to stay there.

FURSE went round to the stern and hauled himself aboard. He was cursing himself for not having given more thought to Rohner. How in blazes had the man found them? He gazed across at Constanta and saw that she was more puzzled than afraid.

"For the moment," he said, "just do as they say. They'll know that it isn't out of respect for their characters."

"Mr. Furse sounds disappointed," said Rohner. "Charlie—throw the painter aboard. We'll tow you in. You can leave the mooring can where it is. I presume it marks the position of Captain Maserling's launch? What did you find down there, Mr. Furse?"

"A lot of sand and water."

"We'll talk about that later. Meanwhile—Elsa, you and Dekker take Charlie and the girl up to the house and lock them in. There's an old fellow called Beukleman and his wife up there—keep them in as well."

Then he pointed his revolver at the cabin. "In there," he said to Furse.

Furse did as he was told. After a few moments Rohner followed him with Pieter. Pieter stood at the door while Rohner, revolver in hand, faced Furse across the cabin table.

"I should like straight answers to my questions, Furse—otherwise I shall have to turn Pieter on you. You may just as well tell me exactly what is down there in the sunken launch. Low water is some time after midnight. Pieter can swim and dive like a fish. He can go down and get the stuff. It's more sensible for you to talk."

Furse shrugged his shoulders. "All right. I'll tell you. The launch is down there. She's lying over on one side. I managed to kick the door in but that was as far as I got before the current became too much for me."

Rohner considered him for a moment, and stood up. "We'll be diving tonight to find out. Stay quietly in the house with your friends, Furse, and you won't come to any harm. If you try anything funny there won't be any half measures. There's too much money in this for me to take any chances."

He stood up and backed to the door of the cabin. Furse followed him and he was escorted to the shore.

Furse walked slowly towards the courtyard of the house. There was nothing he could do and no help that could be expected from outside. Molenaar knew nothing of Krabbensplaat. Molenaar might miss Charlie and Rohner, but that wouldn't help him to find them. It seemed to him that they could be kept on this island for days without anyone coming here. . . . There was going to be trouble, more trouble than anyone except himself realized.

HE stopped with his hand on the wrought-iron gate. Behind him he felt Rohner's gun press gently into his back.

"You know," Furse said without turning, "you might beat the police, you might get clean away and settle down comfortably somewhere—but there's one person who won't take kindly to this. He'll make it his life's work to find you."

"Charlie, you mean?"

"Yes. He can be a very mean character."

"Maybe—but I can handle Charlie if he ever finds me." He laughed again and in the bright sunshine the sound had an ugly ring.

In the hallway of the house they found Elsa and Dekker, and the two Beuklemans with Constanta and Charlie.

Beukleman came across to Furse. "Mynheer Furse—what does all this mean? All these people?" His old face was worried and his eyes blinked nervously. His wife moved behind him like a shadow, her face puzzled and angry.

Furse put a hand on his arm. "I'm sorry about it. I'll explain later. But for the time being you must do what these people tell you."

"But they tell me I cannot go out of the house."

"That's true."

"But what about my herd? It is almost milking time. If they are not milked it will be very bad for them."

Furse saw the old man's lower lip tremble gently.

"Surely you can let him milk his cows?" Furse looked at Rohner. "He thinks the world of his Friesians."

Rohner hesitated, then shrugged his shoulders. "All right. When Dekker has driven the cows in he can come out. But the rest of you keep to the house. You're here until tomorrow and if you're wise you won't try to get out."

They were left alone in the hallway; Constanta, Charlie, Furse and the two Beuklemans. The key turned in the great doorway.

Charlie went off to the kitchen, and returned after a while. He made a hopeless gesture. "Our friend Elsa has locked the door at the back. All the windows on the ground floor are barred as though it were a prison. Damn me, it is a prison, unless, sir, you feel like jumping from the second floor and risk being shot. Anselm Dekker is a good shot. So is Rohner. Pieter and Elsa may not be so good, but that don't make me feel any happier."

"Four of them—that means they can have two on duty all night. At least we shall get more sleep than they do," said Constanta.

BEUKLEMAN'S wife moved towards the kitchen and her voice echoed harshly in the great room. "Sometime maybe you will be good enough to explain this intrusion. In the meantime I will prepare some supper. Also"—she glanced at Charlie as she passed him—"you will be good enough to be careful with your cigarette ash."

When she was gone, Beukleman gave Furse a little smile. "Thank you, sir, about the cows. Do not be too upset about my wife. This is her house. She does not care to see it turned into a prison."

"Neither do I—but unfortunately we have no choice."

From the window at the head of the staircase, Furse and Constanta watched Dekker driving the cows in from the pasture, a stiff, awkward figure, obviously embarrassed by the rôle of farmhand.

Furse put his arm round Constanta's shoulder.

"This morning," said Constanta, "I thought I was never going to see you again."

He turned her round and held her from him, his hand in hers, looking at her, and his face was thoughtful, a little strained.

He said evenly: "You do mean it still, don't you? No matter what I am, what I meant to do—it makes no difference?"

"None." She smiled at him and her dark eyes were alive with quick points of light.

He bent forward and kissed her quickly.

Before supper Furse went all round the house. On the ground floor all the windows were barred. The only ways out were through the hall door and the door at the end of a corridor beyond the kitchen. Both of them were locked. Outside the front door sat Dekker, while at the rear Rohner had made himself comfortable against a low wall on a pile of hay he had dragged out from one of the barns.

Returning to the front of the house, he opened the window at the head of the staircase and called softly down to Dekker.

"Dekker! What's it worth to you to toss up

Continued on page 31

All these plants have been grown without soil by Stanley Mullard, seen here with his secretary. His method is ideal for people without gardens

A greenhouse assistant feeds plants with a chemical solution. They are rooted in Mullard's vermiculite, which is lighter than soil and pest-free

Mr. Mullard's test tube gardening

by EDWIN PACKER

Stanley Mullard's discovery of "Fool's Gold" means lovelier flowers, better vegetables—and no hard digging to grow them

A FEW YEARS AGO, when a London community centre announced its first postwar flower show, one member boasted that his carnations would win first prize. In his small greenhouse he had installed apparatus for growing plants in chemically charged water. He was getting three times as many blooms and they were finer specimens than soil-grown plants. But shortly before the show a rival grower paid a nocturnal visit to the greenhouse and emptied a bag of potassium sulphate into the tank which held the chemical solution. When the grower came to select his show blooms, the stems of the carnations were so brittle that they snapped at the slightest touch. He withdrew his entry.

Growing plants without soil enables gardeners with a knowledge of plant biology to control the growth and appearance of flowers and fruits to a much greater extent than is possible with soil-grown varieties. One grower produces perfect miniature tomatoes for bottling by increasing the concentration of chemicals until the whole growth hardens. By altering the nitrogen-potassium balance he makes heavy trusses of tomatoes ripen simultaneously on the same plant. Normally the fruit nearest the stem ripens first.

Says Stanley Robert Mullard, a pioneer of soilless cultivation in this country: "Some of the more ambitious growers are even flavouring their crops grown by soilless methods. Melons are good for this purpose. Connoisseurs are said to serve liqueur melons which have been fed on cointreau or kummel. Others use claret."

Mullard, a tall, military-looking man with steady brown eyes and a clipped moustache, has experimented in growing plants without soil for nearly twenty years. At first it was a hobby, a relaxation from designing special transmitting and receiving valves for the Mullard wireless company which he founded. Now he has turned his leisure-time pursuit into a full-time job, and by his researches may help to solve the world's food problem.

"Soil is not necessarily a good medium for growing things," he says. "It may contain bacteria and soil-borne pests, and it may be alkaline or too acid. We know the chemical components of good soil, and by giving a plant these without using the soil itself, we can protect it from attack and control its food. There's no magic in it. It's just common sense."

Before the war, Mullard tried out several systems of soilless cultivation, working with Dr. Stoughton of Reading University. The first was the water-culture method. Shallow tanks held the chemically charged water. A wire grid across the top of the tank supported the plants, whose roots went through the grid into the solution below. Peat, moss or shavings on the grid kept the light from the roots and gave lateral support to the plants. Oxygen was supplied to the roots by pumping air through the solution. "We grew a number of vegetables and flowers by this method," says Mullard, "and we had good results, especially with tomatoes and cucumbers. But in my opinion it is not suitable for British growers on a commercial scale."

A plant absorbs at least thirteen elements through its roots, and all are needed by the soilless cultivation expert to make its chemical food. Nitrogen, potassium, phosphorous, magnesium, calcium and sulphur are used in large quantities, in addition to the hydrogen and oxygen supplied by water. Microscopic amounts of iron, boron, manganese, copper and zinc—known as trace elements—are also vital.

Killed Plants With Manure

The methods of the ordinary gardener cannot be used in soilless cultivation. A grower who had installed the water-culture system in his greenhouse left his jobbing gardener in charge while he went on holiday. The gardener, an expert in growing plants in soil, thought he would improve the chemical solution by suspending in it a sack of manure. Not only was the solution's chemical balance upset, but bacteria and insects in the manure were transferred to some of the plants and killed them.

Another method which Mullard used was sand culture. The tanks were filled with sand, and

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The horse stood there, tall and magnificent, looking down into the boy's eyes. For some moments, Ron was overcome with wonder and excitement; then h

The Wild Horse

by NINA BEACHCROFT

COLOUR ILLUSTRATION BY RAYMOND SHEPPARD

He was the most beautiful horse the boy had ever seen —and already they wanted to take him away. He could not bear the thought of it; he wouldn't let it happen

ALTHOUGH IT WAS COOL and fresh now, the day gave promise of heat. There were few clouds in the sky; it extended over the earth from the hills to the distant horizon over the sea, without a blemish to mar its purity. As there was no wind, the sea was still, but it shone and sparkled with a thousand different variations of colour. Everything was blue: the road winding among the hills reflected blue back at the sky from the puddles of water, left from the night's rain, that still stood in the hollows. Even the hills seemed to have taken on a bluish tinge.

At first there was no sound or movement, then high up a seagull circled, aimlessly swooping round and round, and the silence was broken by the sound of hooves clopping very quickly along the road.

Ron and Tommy were out for a ride together. As he did sometimes, Ron was pretending that he was a knight in armour, and that Tommy was

aw the halter. He advanced, holding out his hand

his valiant charger. He tugged at Tommy's reins to make him slow down to a more dignified pace, but the pony for once was feeling energetic, and resisted any effort to pull him in.

Finding such a quick trot uncomfortable, Ron pulled Tommy over to the grass verge and optimistically tried to kick him into a canter. Tommy, as usual, laid his ears back along his head, cast a rolling eye for a moment at Ron, and kicked. He was now halfway between a trot and a canter, and Ron found it difficult to sit easily. They bumped round another corner, and then, suddenly, from behind a boulder of rock stepped the wild horse.

Tommy was so surprised that he shied violently into the road, and Ron was thrown to one side. He clung desperately to Tommy's furry neck, then slid to the ground.

The wild horse tossed its head nervously, flared its nostrils, and looked straight into Ron's eyes. They seemed to stand like that for some minutes. Ron was overcome with wonder and excitement. It was like a horse in a fairy tale; it was the most beautiful horse he had ever seen. The horse was a tall chestnut with a darker mane and tail and dark, liquid eyes. It seemed to respond to every little tremor in the air. With ears flicking backwards and forwards and tail gently waving, it looked as if it was poised on tiptoe, ready for instant flight. It was intensely alive and vital. Then it suddenly tossed its head with a snort, and Ron saw that it wasn't really wild after all. A halter was round its neck with a frayed end dangling short. This put different ideas into his head. He advanced a step or two, holding out his hand. The horse looked at him wisely, as if he knew all about him, and backed.

They went on like this for some time, but slowly Ron was advancing closer and closer to the horse. Then he remembered that he had a lump of sugar in his pocket. He held it out on the palm of his hand and the horse, tempted, stretched out its neck and pressed Ron's palm for a second with velvet lips. Ron reached out with great caution and caught the rope. His heart beat hard with excitement. What a capture! The horse threw its head up, almost dragging the rope from Ron's hand, it was so much taller than he was, then stood absolutely still and quiet.

Ron walked forward a little way towards Tommy, the pony, who was resolutely cropping the grass as quickly as he could; to his delight, the horse followed him, stepping high and delicately, with a spring in his hind legs that Ron had never seen in a horse before.

Ron was delirious with excitement; wild thoughts of keeping the horse for ever and riding him all the time crossed his mind, and he knew that he must take this prize home. He took hold of Tommy's bridle, meaning to lead him with one hand and the horse with the other. But Tommy had other ideas. He never liked being led, and now he stuck back his ears, planted his feet and refused to move. Ron could have cried with exasperation. He knew he could never get Tommy home unless he mounted him.

The next few minutes were very difficult. No sooner had Ron put his foot in the stirrup than Tommy moved away, the horse stood still, and Ron was dragged off again. At last he managed to mount Tommy, only to discover that he had dropped the horse's halter. But just as the tears of utter frustration were beginning to come into his eyes, the horse walked slowly towards him and nuzzled his shoulder. He was able to reach out and grasp the rope.

Slowly they began to walk back along the road, the horse pacing with its wonderful elastic step by Ron's side. It walked delicately, cautiously, its eyes, gentle and wild, watching every tremor of the grass around them.

Never had the mile home seemed so short to Ron. He kept picturing to himself his mother's surprised face, her delight, his father's amazement. Perhaps the horse was a magic horse. It was like no wild horse that Ron had ever seen; completely different from the half-wild ponies that roamed the hills. By the time they reached the farmhouse, standing with its barns and fields a little way away from the rest of the village, Ron was almost speechless with excitement.

As they clattered into the yard, his mother came out of the house with the food for the hens. She was a big, handsome woman with limbs that looked shapely even under her old skirt and blouse. She stopped in amazement.

"Why, Ron, whatever have you got there? Where did you find him?"

Ron explained, his words tumbling one over the other. His mother walked towards the horse. "He's a beauty," she said. "Give him to me and get off Tommy." She stood and held the horse, stroking his nose with her hand. "I wonder who he belongs to."

"Why, to me!" shouted Ron. "I found him, didn't I?" Chasms seemed to be opening beneath his feet.

"No, Ronnie lad, this is a well-broken and trained horse, besides costing a mint of money, I'll be bound. Somebody'll be searching after him."

That the horse would be claimed by somebody else had never entered Ron's head. He had assumed that it would always be his. The chasms had opened now, and he felt lost and angry. He burst into loud sobs.

"Now, Ron!" said his mother. "Ten is too old to behave like that. We must give the horse back, you know. Ay, but he is a beauty."

Ron went on sobbing.

"Here, what's the row?" called his father, who was a little way across the orchard, mending a fence. He began to walk across the yard. When he saw the horse he, too, stopped still in amazement. "Well I'll be damned!" he said.

Unlike his wife, he was slightly built and small, but he was tough. After he had heard Ron's story, he stood gazing at the horse, his face lighting up with pleasure and excitement. "Eh, but you're a sharp lad," he said. "Yon's a good piece of horse flesh. He looks as if he's got a touch of Arab in him. There ought to be a big reward for him."

Ron began to sob more loudly. He knew now there was no hope. He could not combat his mother's respect for property and his father's nose for money. He saw his marvellous dreams crumbling away into nothing. Now he would never ride the horse; they would never pace proudly down the road together, or gallop in the hills.

"Hold that row," said his father. "What you're blubbing for, I can't think." He walked up to the horse and felt his legs. "It's where he comes from beats me," he said. "Nobody round these parts owns a horse like that." He stood back a little way, and shook his head. "Beats me," he said again.

The horse was put in the near paddock with Tommy, where, after a few minutes, he grazed contentedly enough.

That evening, after supper, Ron's father went down to the village to make inquiries about the horse. Ron couldn't settle. He evaded his mother's calls and at last ran off down the street after his father. He had to sit a long time outside the Bell. Every now and then somebody would go in or out and he would catch a glimpse of the bar inside, of smoke and men with beer in their hands, laughing and talking together. He could also hear the *donk* of darts on the dartboard. At closing time they all came out, stood and chatted a moment more and went their different ways. Ron could restrain himself no longer, and ran up to his father.

"What about the horse, Dad?" he cried eagerly, tugging at his sleeve.

His father laughed, and forgot to be angry. "You're anxious about that there horse," he said. "Nobody knows about it. I've a feeling it's stolen. That ought by rights to mean a bigger reward." He stopped suddenly. "By gum, I never thought about that."

The minute they got back, Ron ran quickly upstairs to his little bedroom under the roof. He could hear his parents talking for a long time below, then at last the stairs creaked and groaned as they came up. Ron waited until the house was in absolute silence, then he cautiously opened his door. His mind was made up. He was going to take the horse away to a cave he knew of in the hills, and keep him there for ever. His parents would just have to think that the horse had jumped over the gate and got away.

He stepped carefully down the stairs, keeping near to the wall so that they wouldn't creak, and was soon out into the yard. He had several lumps of sugar with him to help catch the horse. As he walked towards

His voice was urgent, pleading. "I want to go and look for the horse, Mum. Let me—please"

the field, his courage began to desert him. Upstairs, it had all seemed so easy, but now it was different somehow. Everything was so very still, and the black shape of the farmhouse and the barns loomed unfamiliarly behind him. The moon was high in the sky and the stars were brilliant.

RON opened the gate of the field and slipped through. It lay before him in strips of black and silver; nothing moved, and for some time he couldn't see either of the animals. At last he distinguished a small black lump on the ground which might well be Tommy, but the horse was nowhere to be seen. He gave a low call and shook the lumps of sugar in his hand. Something great and black moved very near him in the shadows. It came out into the moonlight, and Ron could see that it was the horse.

Its eyes flashed in the moonlight, its silky coat seemed to shimmer and give off sparks of light. Even the small nicker of welcome it gave was somehow electric. As it ate the sugar, Ron caught the halter and led it from the field, carefully closing the gate behind them.

He walked down the road, taking care to keep on the grass verge, so that the horse's hooves could not be heard. The horse walked quietly behind him, its breath hot on his shoulder. As they turned the bend and left the farmhouse behind them, Ron began to feel frightened. The shadows on the hills were so very black; they merged and shifted in and out of one another in an unending variation of pattern. And the horse, which that afternoon Ron had felt to be so gentle, so tractable, had subtly changed; Ron was aware for the first time that the horse was an entirely alien creature to himself. It was so much bigger, stronger and fleeter than he was; why should he be leading it?

He felt more frightened, and his alarm communicated itself to the animal. It tried to fling its head up, then broke into a dance across the road. Ron clung desperately to the halter, trying to soothe it, but at that moment some small animal ran suddenly across the road at his feet. The horse snorted and reared, dragging the rope from Ron's hands. Its eyes rolled whitely at him for a moment, then it kicked out and cantered down the road.

Ron stood and watched it go. As it reached the corner, it stopped and looked at Ron for a moment, then it began to trot off steadily down a small path that led into the hills. It became a movement in the shadows, then a dark shape cantering in the moonlight, until it disappeared. Ron drew a deep breath and walked home.

Early next morning, Ron's father discovered that the horse had gone. He was loud in annoyance and in wonder as to how the horse had apparently jumped so easily over the high gate. At breakfast Ron sat very still and quiet. His father hardly noticed him, but his mother knew that he was fretting over the horse. She didn't mention it.

That morning, Ron did not help about the house or farm as he usually did in the holidays, nor did he go down into the village to play with any of his friends. In the afternoon, he wandered down the road a little way and stood about there, listlessly. It didn't seem any good doing anything.

Then, far off down the road towards the sea, he saw what looked like a lorry. As it drove nearer, he could see that it was a horse van. It was driving very slowly until at last it stopped, about a quarter of a mile from where he was standing. A man got out, a man carrying something over his arm which looked like a coiled length of rope. He also had a stick and a pair of field glasses in his other hand. He stood looking around for a moment, then put the field glasses to his eyes and studied the hills for some time. Then he began to walk up one of the paths.

Ron's heart gave a great bound. In a minute he was pelting back along the road towards the farm. Catching sight of his mother in the field, he called out and ran towards her.

"I want to go and look for the horse, Mum," he cried. "Let me take Tommy and ride and look for the horse. Let me—please." His voice was urgent, pleading.

"Why, Ron, you haven't a chance of finding him——" began his mother, then, seeing Ron's imploring eyes, she changed her mind. "Well, I don't see any harm in your looking," she said. "Don't be out all day, though. Whatever happens, you must be back before it's dark."

Ron seized Tommy's saddle and bridle from the stables and ran back into the field. Tommy came easily.

When they had reached the horse van, Ron saw the back was already let down hopefully, ready for the horse. There was no doubt now in his mind that the horse had been stolen. Why should the man have been so secretive? Why hadn't he made inquiries in the village?

He turned Tommy decisively round and cantered him up the path the man had taken. After a while it grew steeper and they had to slow down to a walk. Tommy was already dark with sweat, for the day was again hot. The distant hills danced together in a blue haze, and far below, the sea was shimmering in the heat. The few sheep scattered on the hills hardly moved; they looked like small white boulders of rock.

As they reached the shoulder of the hill, there was a faint breeze which ruffled the short grass and struck welcomely cold against Ron's damp face. The path wound slowly down to a valley which lay in the midst of the hills. There were no cottages here, not even a hut, nothing but the grass and the heather and the sky. Ron pulled Tommy to a standstill as he gazed around him. He had never been so far before. For all he knew, the hills went on for ever; to him they were a no-man's-land, only half real, between civilization and the end of the world. He began to realize how unlikely it was that he would ever find the horse. Then his attention was caught by a movement in the valley about half a mile below him.

It was the man from the horse van. He had stopped now and was looking through his glasses at something on the slope of a hill ahead of him. Then he began to walk very quickly towards it. Ron had no plan in his head. He knew he must follow the man at all costs. But Tommy refused to be hurried down the slope; he never liked going down hills and he wasn't going to like going down a hill now. It was some time before they, too, were clambering up the next hill, picking their way over clumps of heather and squeezing between rocks. Suddenly they came out into a miniature plateau, one side of which fell very steeply and rockily away to the valley beneath.

Something Ron saw there made him leap off Tommy, hastily knot his reins round the stout stem of a handy bush, and wriggle forward on his stomach until he could see and not be seen. A few yards before him, and a little below him, he saw the horse standing still and straight, its head held high.

Walking towards it came the man, with coils of new stout rope in his hand. Suddenly he threw it so that it snaked through the air, and its looped end fell round the horse's neck. The horse snorted, then reared. The man pulled on the rope, and walked nearer. He pulled with all his strength and the horse flung its head higher still. Ron could see its eyes rolling, and the strong sunlight made its coat glint and sparkle. The man suddenly shouted; an ugly sound. Then the horse seemed to go mad, and began to fight like a wild thing, kicking, bucking and tearing up the grass and trampling down the heather.

IT was difficult to see what happened next. The man must have hit out with the stick, for there was a squeal of pain from the horse, then it turned and made straight for him, its mouth open and the teeth gleaming white. In a sudden panic, the man threw away his stick, and turned and ran blindly. The horse thundered in pursuit, squealing with anger. Then there was a sudden yell, a slipping and bumping of rocks, another scream that tore at the quiet hills, and the man had vanished over the steep edge. The horse slid back on to its haunches, and stopped.

When Ron had first met it, it had seemed a fairy horse. Now it was truly a wild horse. It lay down and rolled, turning fiercely from side to side. When it jumped up again, it had somehow got rid of the rope, and had nothing but the old halter end that Ron had found the day before. It tossed its head and began to canter towards Ron, passing within a few feet of him, but taking no notice of him. Its canter was fluid, its legs steadily melting in and out of one another until they and the horse had gone.

Ron lay still a few minutes and then ran as fast as he could to the edge, where a gorse bush was still waving gently backwards and forwards. Twenty feet or so below he saw the man lying with his head against a rock. The head was set at an odd angle to his body, and he was obviously dead. Blood was spattered on the rocks, and his face was twisted round so that his eyes stared palely and emptily into Ron's.

Ron looked at him for one horrified moment and then ran all the way back to where he had left Tommy. He jumped on him and turned for home. He was frightened and upset, yet in some way he was also glad, for he saw that he could never have been the master of something so free and independent as the horse.

As he passed the van at the side of the road, he jumped off Tommy, and threw a stone at the window as hard as he could. He heard the glass tinkle down emptily inside—and then nothing at all. He mounted Tommy and trotted home, at peace with himself and the world. The colour was fading out of the sky, and very high up he could see the pallid disc of the moon. It would be a fine night. THE END

Boyhood dream comes true. The ex-dance-band leader rehearses the Liverpool Philharmonic

Hugo Rignold, conductor who changed his tune

by BERNARD SLYDEL

A jazz fiddler and dance-band playboy was made conductor of a symphony orchestra. The row lasted two years—but he is still there

WHEN THE MEMBERS of a Continental symphony orchestra heard, three years ago, that their visiting conductor was to be an Englishman named Hugo Rignold, they were annoyed. They remembered the occasion in 1938 when, through an agent's error, their symphony orchestra was booked for the same evening as Hugo Rignold's dance orchestra. The result had been two quick concerts of contrasting types, with everyone's temper stretched.

So, when burly, rubbery-faced Hugo Rignold, now claiming to be a symphony conductor, mounted the rostrum for the first rehearsal, he found a mutinous orchestra waiting for him. Despite his patient explanations of what he wanted, the players' co-operation was poor. Finally, when he had courteously described to the first violinist what he wanted, the player waved his instrument towards Rignold with a "you-try-it" gesture. Rignold hesitated, then left his perch, took the violin and bow, and played the passage expertly. Several instruments were promptly lifted in a mass challenge. Rignold grimly performed on a viola, a 'cello, an oboe and the drums—until a spontaneous round of applause indicated that he was accepted.

The concert was a great success, but he confessed: "I'd have been sunk if they'd offered me a French horn. I can't play a note on it."

Musicians and audiences everywhere have had to go through the same process of being convinced that the ex-jazz fiddler from Jack Hylton's orchestra could charm symphony orchestras into great performances. Memories of Rignold conducting at the old Kit-Kat Club and at the London Casino during cabaret time, of quick-selling swing records with Rignold's name on the labels, and of Rignold, popular West End playboy with a semi-comedian's reputation, were too easily and too often stirred.

He Enlivened Rehearsals

A friend who has known him since his student days says: "When Rignold was at the Royal Academy of Music, he used to interrupt lessons by suddenly syncopating the scales we were practising. He was warned not to lead other students—and the younger professors—off the classical path by hotting-up passages during orchestra rehearsals."

An acquaintance of his jazz days remembers that Rignold was often the odd man out. "Travelling abroad, Hugo was always the one who got left behind. He'd be asleep in a carriage that was disconnected at a junction; the rest of the dance band invariably arrived without their first violinist." The players had a rule about riding in taxis: "Last man out pays the fare." Rignold went scot-free—until an occasion in Holland. There he leaped out of the cab so smartly that he did not notice a canal where the pavement should have been. There was a splash—and he had to be hauled out.

When he was appointed permanent conductor of the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra in 1948, at £3,500 a year, there was a lot of opposition. A group of Philharmonic patrons wrote to the local newspapers accusing him of "dragging the orchestra down to dance-band levels."

Twice in eighteen months he offered his resignation, but the committee refused to accept it. Then, the year before last, it bowed to the clamour and voted not to renew his contract. The galleryites—represented by Charles Seddon, a young chemist's assistant, and his friend, Roderick Jamieson—promptly stepped in. Using their own money, the young men circulated 250 industrial concerns in the north (representing a quarter of a million employees who benefit from special concerts), and raised a "Retain Rignold!" petition with thousands of signatures.

Notice Was Withdrawn

The Liverpool newspapers published protests by Sir Adrian Boult and other distinguished musicians. A former Lord Mayor of Liverpool, Alderman Luke Hogan, said: "If Rignold goes it will be a disaster. Attendances have risen from one-third full to standing-room only. It's monstrous that a man who has done so much to raise appreciation among civic, commercial and industrial workers and, most important, at schools, should be treated so impertinently."

The committee withdrew its notice and, by the time Rignold conducted the Liverpool Phil for a Command Performance in the Royal Festival Hall last year, it was announced that his contract had been renewed "on terms acceptable to himself."

Ever since his days at the Royal Academy of Music he had dreamed of conducting great orchestras. Once he was too dreamy: when Sir Henry Wood came to rehearse the Academy orchestra in Elgar's "Enigma" Variations, Rignold was playing in the "kitchen department"—bass drum, kettle drums, cymbals, xylophone, tubular bells, tambourine and glockenspiel. Sir Henry called a halt, but Rignold, intent on a passage which demands fireworks and ferocity from the tympanist, carried on gaily until suppressed guffaws made him stop. "Young man," growled Sir Henry, "if you cannot follow my baton *all* the time, would you kindly glance up

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occasionally to see whether the rehearsal is still going on?"

Nearly thirty years later—the Academy having forgiven its former wayward pupil and made him an Associate—Rignold was on the receiving end of a similar incident. A deafening roll on the drums after a "cut" cue made him glance up in annoyance. "But I couldn't be angry," he said, "because the drummer looked sixteen, and she had pigtails and the bluest eyes imaginable."

Another early ambition of Rignold's was to race at Brooklands, and when he discovered that a good jazz violinist could earn £50 a week he reluctantly closed the scores of violin concertos. He joined Debroy Somers's Savoy Orpheans for a while, and then Jack Hylton's band. "I got my racing car—a bright red one. I never won any races, but I had a good time. I also managed to escape killing myself, but once, when I let band-leader Buddy Featherstonhaugh drive me in an Alfa-Romeo, we did a broadside up a banking and I almost fell out. I took over the wheel after that."

He was brought up in Canada, in the logging country, and by the time he was fifteen he could fell a twenty-foot tree single-handed. His swing also earned him a golf handicap of two, and ten shillings a week from shoeing horses in a forge. He had been born in Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey, and had gone to Canada with his father, a former Carl Rosa Opera Company conductor. He gave his first violin recital there when he was eight years old and, as soon as he was old enough, he came back to England to study.

By 1939 he had his own orchestra, playing mostly dance music, but occasionally bewildering listeners with Rimsky-Korsakov or Tchaikovsky.

Dash For The Coast

A numerologist told him there was every indication of a happy and prosperous future. But he added a warning to curb restlessness and not be dissatisfied with the prominence already gained. Rignold was amused, for he had in his pocket a contract to take his band to the Casino at San Remo, Italy. In a 38-h.p. Horch, the same make as Hitler's private car, he arrived on the French Riviera to find that war had broken out. He returned to Paris, where he joined forces with George Melachrino in a quick dash for the coast. He had to leave the big Horch on the quayside. Back home, he joined the R.A.F. Signals Branch, and became a squadron leader.

In the Middle East he was given charge of R.A.F. orchestras, and got his classical baton at last when he was invited to conduct the Cairo Symphony Orchestra. This was a polyglot affair of eighty players, including servicemen, members of King Farouk's Royal Egyptian Bodyguard Band, Greeks, Turks, Cypriots, French-Syrians, Italians, Armenians, Palestinians, and Germans masquerading as Austrians from Vienna. Rehearsals were conducted in an atmosphere of multilingual bedlam.

An Egyptian bassoon would use one of two hundred-odd Arabic dialects to convey his point to a piccolo, a Turk to whom Rignold's Arabic was meaningless, and a Palestinian violin would use Yiddish to brief a Greek flute. Rignold would listen with foot-tapping resignation to the uproar and say to the grinning Service players: "You chaps just follow my beat, or else. . . ." On at least one occasion the second bassoon, first oboe and third horn player disappeared in the middle of a rehearsal to say their prayers to Allah.

His Big Decision

Rignold's civvy street in 1946 was a forked road: one way pointed to a return to a peacetime income of £5,000 a year as a jazzman; the other to a highly problematical career as a symphony conductor in a field where converts from jazz were hardly welcome. Joseph Shadwick, then leader of the orchestra at Covent Garden, persuaded him to join. He got his chance to conduct again when the late Constant Lambert retired next year.

Then, one day, Rignold received an urgent call. Sir Malcolm Sargent had fallen ill; could he come to Liverpool two days later and conduct a programme? Despite the fact that he knew nothing about the main work, Holst's "The Planets," he said yes. It cost him forty-eight hours without sleep and a hundred cigarettes. But he managed so well that Liverpool asked him to stay.

His arrival to take up his new job was inauspicious. Sir Malcolm had always arrived immaculately clad, with a carnation in his buttonhole, in a large limousine. Rignold bowled up in sports jacket and flannels, leaving a small prewar car parked outside the artists' entrance. "He told me to push it down the road if it got in the way," recalls a stage-hand. "He's a breezy chap, and a bit of a change from some of the conductors we've had through these doors."

Recently married for the third time, he is sometimes able to watch his seventeen-year-old daughter, Jennifer, on television. She took her mother's maiden name when she became announcer of TV's *Children's Hour*, and is famous as Jennifer Gay.

Rignold always finds time to practise his violin. He carries it with him wherever he goes, and even smuggled it aboard the troopship which took him to Egypt round the Cape.

Asked to perform one night, he reminded his audience that ship's orders were for absolute quiet during the vigil for submarines. To compromise, he fitted a mute to the instrument. He had been playing for less than a minute when a sailor entered the mess and said: "Captain's compliments, sir, and would you please stop playing that damned *flute!*" THE END

TAKE MY TIP

ALUMINIUM milk bottle tops make excellent labels to mark my garden after bulb planting. I press the top flat, using a round pencil, wrap it round an ice lollie stick and write on it with a ball point pen. For fruit trees, I fold the flattened top over a string, which ties round the trunk. Labels I put up last year are still easy to read.—N. West, Poole, Dorset.

JOHN BULL *pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP,* JOHN BULL, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

"This is the B.B.C. Light Programme . . . Can I Help You?"

WINDOM'S WAY

Continued from page 10

set it down. Then Anna Vidal appeared in the door and said, "I am sorry to bother you, my doctor, but it is now almost twelve."

Later in the afternoon, they got into the jeep and went for a little trip. Along the village streets and in the bazaar the people watched them with shy, friendly eyes. Then they drove inland, through the village again and out into the country beyond.

At intervals they passed native houses, a few of stone or timber, most of bamboo with thatch roofs. Along the road were creaking ox-carts and brown, naked children, and here and there a woman with tucked-up skirts was doing her washing in the shallows of the river.

"Where are the rice paddies?" asked Hasbrook. "I never saw a valley in this country without paddies."

"You've seen one now," said Windom. "There aren't any."

"Climate wrong?"

"No." Windom spoke briefly. "The plantation owners don't want them. All the land behind the village is theirs, and all they want is rubber."

"So they bring in the rice?"

"Yes, they bring it by truck and boat. But there's not as much that way, and it costs more. Some of the people have been getting pretty insistent about having their own crop."

"Insistent—how? What have they been doing?"

"Well, they've had a few protest meetings. And there's some talk of a strike."

"What a country," said Hasbrook. "If it's not droughts, it's floods. If it's not malaria, it's strikes."

THEY drove on and on either side of them now the long ranks of rubber trees stretched into the distance.

A truck appeared coming along the road in the opposite direction. There were two men in it—a native driver at the wheel and a white man beside him—and as they drew abreast they stopped and the latter got out.

"Good afternoon, Doctor," he said, approaching the jeep.

Windom nodded pleasantly. Then he introduced Lenore and Hasbrook. "This is Mr. Schusterman," he said. "The plantation manager."

Schusterman was a smallish, wiry man with a bold nose and keen, deep-set eyes. He was dressed, like Windom, in khaki shirt and shorts, but with the addition of a revolver in a holster at his waist. Offering his hand and smiling, he said, "It is an honour to have such distinguished visitors."

"Only one distinguished visitor," Lenore smiled back. "I'm an immigrant."

"Yes, of course, an immigrant. That is good. Very good." Schusterman spoke English with an indeterminate European inflection. "And now Madame is inspecting her own homeland?"

"Just a quick once-over," said Windom. "Colonel Hasbrook's leaving tomorrow, and I wanted him to have a look at the plantation."

"Well, at least it is quiet today."

"Nothing more's happened?"

"No, not here." Schusterman's small eyes regarded Windom curiously. "I was wondering, Doctor, if anything had happened with you."

"With me?"

"I had heard that you called in Jan Vidal."

"Yes, I wanted to talk with him. But he didn't come."

"I see. And do you know, perhaps, Doctor, why he did not come?"

Windom hesitated.

"It was because he was too busy talking with this Amyan." Schusterman turned to Lenore and Hasbrook. "I am sorry to bore you with these local matters," he apologized, "but we have had some trouble here."

"About the rice?" said Hasbrook.

"Yes, about rice." The manager turned back to Windom. "It is quiet today, but only because they are talking. Wait and see. When they are finished talking there will be worse trouble."

"Who are these men?" asked Hasbrook. "Agitators?"

"Amyan is an old man," said Windom. "A former Buddhist monk. Jan Vidal is one of the foremen at the plantation."

"He *was* a foreman," Schusterman amended.

Windom's lips tightened. "You've discharged him?"

"Yes, of course I have discharged him. He is lucky the police are not after him."

"Very lucky," Windom said. "Three men came into my hospital last night, badly beaten, and one of them seriously injured. The police had been attending to them."

"Most necessary," Schusterman said. "I should think you have been in the East long enough, Doctor, to understand how such matters must be handled. We are in troubled times, in a troubled part of the world, and this sort of thing cannot be tolerated."

He stopped and there was a silence. Then he said: "I am sorry. I have no wish to argue. But you are a physician, a man of science, not of practical affairs, and perhaps there are certain things you do not understand."

"Yes," said Windom. "Perhaps there are." He seemed about to go on. Then he changed his mind, waved, and drove off down the road.

AT about nine o'clock, Colonel Hasbrook yawned discreetly and took himself off to bed. But almost immediately after, Windom was called across to the ward. Lenore, left to herself, arranged her clothes in the cupboard and drawers in the bedroom and changed from her travelling clothes into a nightdress and light robe. Then she walked slowly through the little house, from the bedroom to the living-room (that was also the dining-room), from there to the porch, from the porch back through the living-room to the kitchen.

The kitchen was dark and the cook

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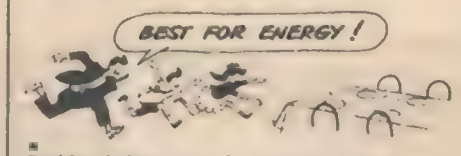

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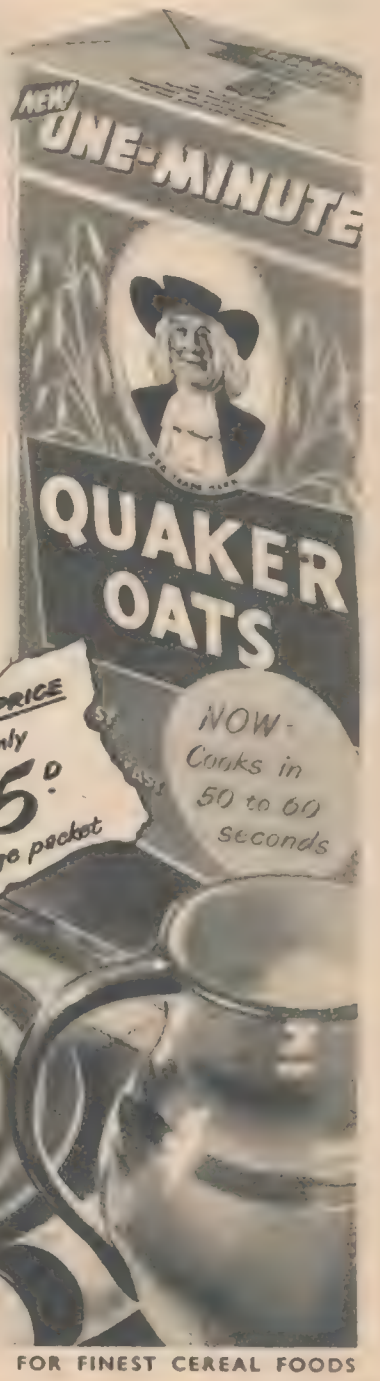

LOOK FOR THE QUAKER MAN FOR FINEST CEREAL FOODS

and the boy Kosti were gone for the night. Snapping on the light switch—thank the Lord for that, she thought; she had not dared hope for electricity—she looked at the stove, the sink and the small refrigerator. They were clean, she noted. Well, reasonably clean.

On a sideboard were decanters of gin and whisky. She found a glass, then changed her mind, set it down and went out on the porch. Sitting on one of the rattan chairs, she watched the moon rise.

How quiet it is, she thought—and in the next moment realized it was not quiet at all. The shrilling of the insects was as loud as—she smiled—as the racket of the buses down Madison Avenue.

Then she was no longer smiling. Dear God, she thought, this time please let me make him happy. She watched the moon, her mind filled with variations of the thought.

It was half past ten when he returned. There was an air of constraint between them.

Windom said, a little awkwardly: "The appointment book says time for a drink."

"I—I don't——"

"Together, Lee. It's always been good—together."

"Well. . . ."

He smiled. "The old recipe? A stinger?"

"Yes, the old recipe."

He went inside, and she was again alone on the porch. Only this time not really alone, for his voice was still there. The grey eyes, the slow smile, the arms reaching out to her, they were all still there, before her, inside her.

No, not alone, she thought. Not alone any more—ever.

THE rising moon had cleared the tops of the banyan trees and the dust of the compound glistened like phosphorus. Off in the distance there was the faint sound of laughter. A dog barked. Then Windom returned with two glasses.

"Alec," she said.

"Yes."

"You're not angry about—" she hesitated. "—about my coming?"

"What do you think?"

"I'm not sure what I think. I'd like you to tell me."

It was a moment before Windom answered. Then he said: "I think that what you've done is about as wonderful a thing as a woman could do."

"Oh, Alec." Her hand reached out and touched his. "I've wanted to come. So much. For so long. These last two years—you can't imagine what they've been for me. It's been like living without eyes or a heart."

She turned his hand over and put her own within it.

"You've been happy here, haven't you?" she said.

"In most ways, I suppose."

"You've been doing what you want to do."

"Yes."

"And that's what you're going to go on doing. What you want to do. What you must do." Her hand tightened on his. "I know what you've been thinking: that I've come here to bring you back. But that isn't true, Alec. Believe me, it's not true. For ten years I tried to change your life into my life, but it isn't that way any longer. Now I want to live yours."

"There's only one way you and I can live together, Lee," said Windom gently. "Not if it's your life. Not if it's mine. Only if it's ours."

Instead of answering, she raised his hand and put it to her cheek. "I love you, Alec," she said. But when he started to speak she stopped him quickly. "No, don't say it because I say it. Don't say it until you're ready."

"Lee, I——"

"The crazy thing," she went on, "is that I've loved you more since you left me. *Because* you left me. Or maybe it's the natural thing. I don't know."

They were silent again and she rested her head against his shoulder.

"I'll tell you another natural crazy thing," he said. "I was jealous this morning."

"How nice. Why?"

"Seeing you come out of that plane with another man."

"Oh, the colonel." She smiled. "You don't like him, do you?"

"What makes you think that?"

"You haven't changed that much. I can still tell when you don't like someone."

Windom said nothing.

"And this time I think you're being unfair. He's being nice to you, promising you all that hospital equipment."

"For the gooks."

"Oh."

"I don't like the word nigger. I don't like the word kike. I don't like the word gook."

"He didn't mean anything by it, I'm sure."

"No," said Windom, "they never do."

There was a pause.

"Anyhow," she said, "why bother about it? He'll be gone tomorrow."

She returned her head to his shoulder.

"Alec," she said.

"Yes?"

"*I* won't be gone."

Then for a while there was no more talk, but only the moonlight and the drone of the insects. Only her cheek against his khaki shirt, and her hand in his, and his other hand gently stroking the back of her neck under the hair.

LATER, they got up and went inside. There was a moment then when they stood facing each other and the light was on, and in the light for just that moment it was different and constrained again, and the man before her almost *was* a stranger. Then he said, "Odds or evens who gets the bathroom first," and they matched fingers and she won, just as she always had, and the two years disappeared.

When she came out of the bathroom and he had gone in, she took off her robe and mules and lay down. The cot was hard but cool, and when she snapped off the lamp the moonlight was cool and silver.

Then Windom came out of the bathroom. He was wearing only a pair of shorts and she saw how white his body was, against the darkness of his face and arms, and how thin. Standing between the cots, he let down the mosquito bar so that it enclosed both of them like a translucent tent. For an instant—longer?—he remained standing there as if undecided, then sat down on the edge of her cot.

"Welcome home, Lee," he said.

"Welcome home, Alec."

She put out her arms and drew him to her.

HE was lying on his back with his eyes closed, but he was not asleep. She had come back to him. The tremendous fact that she was here was still hardly credible. In the darkness he could hear the soft rhythm of her breathing. It was very different from the way she had breathed on those nights in New York when she lay drugged with alcohol or nembutal while he walked the floor, struggling to think straight, to feel straight, praying that the phone would ring with an emergency call. It would not be like that again, he knew it. And she knew it or she could not have come. But if not like that, like what? Like the beginning?

My God, it had been wonderful at the beginning. Light and tender and golden. They had met in a small town in Wisconsin where he was resident doctor at the hospital and she was on a ski-ing party with friends from Chicago. She had hurt her leg in a fall, was brought into the accident room and five days later sat up in bed and said to him calmly: "I should have had my head examined, not my knee. Do you know what, Alec? I want to marry a doctor."

At first, of course, he had not known how rich she was and when he learned he tried not to think about it. But there was no not thinking about it when, early that spring, he visited her in New York and found himself in a world that until then had existed for him only in the pages of an occasional book.

When he knew he could not disregard her wealth, he had tried to put her entirely out of his mind. But that, too, was impossible. They married quickly; her father insisted on buying him a share of a society practice, and he was accepted almost immediately, both by her circle of friends and by Dr. Ashburn's glittering galaxy of patients.

He went from surgery to house-call, to hospital, to library and lecture hall (for he continued studying while he practised), and still found time when evening came to be unreluctant escort and lover to his wife. In fact, there was time for everything, except enough sleep, and at thirty sleep did not greatly matter.

After a few years, Ashburn retired and although a few patients went elsewhere, he found himself with a practice that most men twice his age would have envied. Soon he took on his own assistant, but even so the pressure increased. Talk of "that brilliant young man from the Middle West" had begun to trickle along the Manhattan grapevine, and after certain of his experimental hormone treatments were conspicuously successful, it seemed to him that half the mink coats in the city were draped on the chairs outside his consulting room.

He was human enough to feel satisfaction in his progress, but there was doubt and self-questioning as well. There was the knowledge that, well as he was doing, he and Lee lived on a scale of almost twice what he earned. And there was the day in the hospital library when he overheard two of the internes talking.

"Practice?" said one. "How in hell can you get a practice in this man's town?"

"Only one way," said the other. "Marry it."

"You mean Windom's way."

"Yeah, Windom's way. . . ."

WINDOM drove himself relentlessly, he overworked. And then, at Lee's insistence, they took a long holiday: to the West Indies, Mexico, Europe. In Europe, he had resolved, he was going to attend a series of lectures in Paris, another in Vienna, but somehow it worked out to only one of each, and the remainder of the time they spent at Biarritz and Cap d'Antibes.

They had left France a few weeks before war broke out, and for the next two years in New York things continued much as before. In daily living at least. But not in the daily newspapers. And not within himself. The excitement of quick success had worn off. It was stale and meaningless now. The routine of surgery, house-call, hospital, his ladies with menopause and faulty metabolism, his ladies who wanted to be pregnant and his ladies who didn't want to be pregnant; even Lee—who didn't want to and never was—with her lightness and laughter and her parties, they had all become stale and meaningless and not a little ridiculous on their tight, bright little island of security in a world fighting for its life.

Twice, without telling her, he wrote to the War Department, offering his services in the now quickly expanding Army. But both times he left the letters unposted and went on with his usual round. The third time he did post it.

His unit had gone to the Pacific. Organized as a field hospital, it was not a front-line outfit. As one of the doctors put it, after a year the danger was not in being shelled or bombed, but simply bored to death.

At least it had been that way for most of them. But not for him. Almost alone among his colleagues, he liked the tropics. He liked the native people. And although, as a gynaecologist, he drew practically all the pregnancy cases, there was other work which he found as absorbing and rewarding as any he had ever done. When the unit first came to Papaan, malaria hung like a blight over the valley. Six months later it was all but gone. Dysentery, dengue, yaws, Leishmaniasis, intestinal parasites—the whole catalogue of fevers and infections that afflicted the region—were, if not eliminated, at least brought under reasonable control. "When I get back," he wrote to Lee, "I may be a bit rusty on my hormones, but I'll be the top latrine man for all Park Avenue."

Indeed, half his job in those days

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

ACCORDING to my elders, I was a somewhat fractious child. We lived near the river, at Thames Ditton. Naturally, I had my share of spills and near-drownings. I dimly remember falling into a lock at the age of three. I dropped like a stone and, fortunately, did not struggle, for, on surfacing for a moment, my father was able to catch me by the hair and fish me out. I was rushed home to safety and, no doubt, a scolding.

One tree in our garden was a special favourite of mine. There I built myself a "house," high among the branches. All went well till the day I attempted to manufacture some gunpowder. There was a terrific explosion, the tree caught fire, and I was rushed to hospital with burns. Many months passed before I was again allowed to handle explosives—or climb a tree.

My parents soon discovered that I was wildly keen on cars and driving. Speed thrilled me. Though I was not allowed to drive, I was encouraged to learn all I could about what made the engine tick.

At the age of five, I was taken to Brooklands, then the great place for car-racing. Delighted to see so many fast cars, I ran into the paddock to inspect one of them. As I leaned over to look into the driving-seat, I caught my stomach against a red-hot exhaust pipe and was severely burned. The marks are on my body still.

I continued to show interest in cars, tinkering with them in my father's garage at all opportunities. The idea of driving, rather than mechanics, appealed to me most. By the time I was six, I could steer a moving car. At twelve, I was driving a bodyless old Austin Seven round the fields. It was wartime, and I would drag a hoe behind the car. Thus I gained the driving experience I so desperately wanted.

Now he is a famous racing motorist. For his name, see page 39

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FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE

had been not medicine at all but sanitation, and in carrying it out he worked partly with his Army corps men and partly—which he preferred—with the natives themselves. Before the war there had been an Anglo-Catholic mission in the valley and, as a result, most of the people were Christian, many spoke English, and a few were literate.

Among the last were the old man Amyan, who had relinquished the robes of a Buddhist monk to become the town's counsellor and elder statesman, and the Vidal family, which had then consisted of father, mother, son Jan and daughter Anna. And all had helped as much as they could—particularly the girl Anna, who had attached herself to him and his work with almost fanatical devotion. No labour was too much for her, too tiring or too dirty. "To help my people is what I have always wanted to do more than anything," she told Windom, her soft, oval face glowing. "How I would wish to be a doctor, like you, or at least a true nurse——"

But he was to have an even closer tie than this to the Vidals. And with it his one brush with real war. Late in 1944 the long-static front, to the north of the valley, burst suddenly into activity, patrols of both sides ranged back and forth through jungle and rubber groves, and the hospital was ordered to withdraw several miles to the south. At the time, however, Windom had been in one of the hill villages and knew nothing of what had happened, and on returning to Papaan he would have been driven straight into a Jap command post had not old Vidal intercepted him on the road and hidden him in a shed near the forest's edge. The next day he had managed to work his way southwards. But when, a few weeks later, he returned with his unit, it was to find that the Japs had discovered what Vidal had done and shot him out of hand.

Soon after, the tide of war turned completely. His unit moved far to the north and that was the last of Papaan. But not altogether of the Vidals; for at war's end, while waiting in Singapore for transportation, he had managed to arrange for Anna to be admitted into the again-functioning nursing school of the Royal Medical College. He had hoped to see her once before leaving, but it did not work out that way. A few days after he had a letter from her saying that she would be coming on the next boat, his unit received its movement orders and sailed for home.

It was after his homecoming that the real trouble had begun. Its origins, of course, lay far back before the war in their so different backgrounds, temperaments and attitudes, but then it had been only an undercurrent and what drew them together was far stronger than what might have prised them apart. Now all their differences were on the surface, bare, naked, clarified and magnified by two years of separation.

Lee's father had died during his absence and she had more money than ever in her own right. She was used to living as she pleased, keeping her own hours, choosing her own friends. And she drank more. Much more.

Increasingly, during the two years that followed, there were scenes, silences, pacing of floors, slamming of doors, all the tawdry, banal stage-trappings of the traditional breaking marriage.

There was more to it, though, than just he and Lee. He was unhappy in his work. He had thought that his former dissatisfaction was simply a by-product of war, but now that the war was over he was more dissatisfied than ever. Month by month it grew worse—his sensation of imprisonment intensified—until he knew that, whatever the price, he must break out of the tight little world of wealth and neurosis in which he felt himself trapped.

"You should get away for a while," said Lee. "Let's go back to Europe."

But Europe wasn't the answer. Biarritz and Antibes weren't the answer. For brief intervals—at a ship's rail, on a sunlit beach, in the darkness of a hotel bedroom—they succeeded in recapturing some of the magic of their early days; but after the ship's rail there was the ship's bar, after the beach the casino, after the night the morning. And one morning he said to her, "We'd better go back, Lee."

Which had come first, his own half-formulated thoughts or the letter from Anna Vidal? Not that it mattered. They both came. Anna told of her life in Singapore, her graduation from nursing school, her gratitude, her pride. And that now she was back in her own country in the valley of Papaan. "The old mission," she wrote, "has not returned, but the buildings are still here and we have been permitted to use them as a sort of hospital and dispensary. Since you Americans left there is again much malaria and other fevers and the nearest doctor is many miles away. Still we have made a start and are, I think, doing some good. . . ."

A month later he in turn wrote a letter to the International Medical Foundation. An answer came back; they were interested. When, soon after, he met the directors of the foundation, they were even more interested.

There had been a last, flaming row with Lenore and he moved for a few weeks to a hotel. Before he left for the East there was some talk of divorce but Lee had done nothing about it. When, at erratic intervals, she wrote to him her stationery still carried the name *Mrs. Alexander Windom*. One letter, the first, had been overwrought and emotional. The rest were mere notes about money or common possessions. In the past year there had been only two of them—until the one from Calcutta.

Now she was here. That was all.

It could not be as it had been at the beginning, he knew that. No more than it could be as it had been at the end. Did he want her? Yes. From the moment he received the last letter he had known that he wanted her. From the moment he saw her step from the plane he had wanted her more than he had ever wanted, or ever could want, any woman in the world. But he could not yet accept her presence. They were not close; merely old lovers. Perhaps it would come, perhaps it wouldn't.

He turned on the hard cot. Go to sleep, he thought. Lie still. He lay still.

In her frame and thatch house on the outskirts of the village, the old woman called Mamarta Vidal was preparing breakfast. Reckoned by years and Western standards, she was not old at all, for she was not yet fifty. But fifty in a jungle village in South-East Asia is a very different matter from fifty in New York or London, or even Bombay or Singapore. She was hunched and twisted in body, and wrinkles seamed her brown face. Her lips and what few teeth remained to her were stained purple from the juices

"The nearest thing, gentlemen, to a Treasurer's Report is that the police have traced him to Paris"

"Not getting up today. Forgot to tell you—been sacked"

of betel nut. Her hands, moving among the pots on the stone oven, were like the claws of an ancient bird.

After a few minutes, her daughter Anna came in from the other room. It had been her weekly night at home, but now she was again dressed in her nurse's uniform and its starched primness contrasted startlingly with the brown dinginess of the old peasant house.

Her mother glanced at her with eyes that managed at the same time to be watery and sharp.

"You should have slept longer," she said. "You do not have to be at the hospital until eight."

"I want to be there early this morning," said Anna. "There were many things that did not get done yesterday with all the excitement."

"Excitement? . . . oh, you mean the mem-doctor."

She and Anna sat down to their breakfast of baked eggs, millet cakes and tea. Outside, the sun rose. Then the front door opened and a young man came in.

Both women stared at him.

"You are not at the plantation?" said Mamarta.

"You can see I am not," said Jan Vidal.

"Why? What are you doing here?" The old woman looked at him closely. "Where have you spent the night?"

"At Father Amyan's."

"Amyan's? . . . But the sun is already up. By now you should be back at the plantation."

"I have been discharged from the plantation."

Anna half rose from her seat. "Oh, Jan——"

"And we have called a strike."

JAN VIDAL crossed the room slowly and stood looking out of the window. Like his sister, he was tall for his race; but where she was slight and small-boned, he was broad, solid and powerful. He was dressed nondescriptly in denim work-trousers, sandals and a white singlet, and his straight black hair needed a combing. His face was smooth and boyish, even for a man still in his twenties, but now, in the early sunlight, its lines were tense with his inner excitement.

Mamarta rose, went to the oven and filled another bowl.

"Eat your breakfast, Jan," she told him.

"I am not hungry," he said.

"Eat your breakfast."

He started to speak again, thought better of it and sat down at the table.

"You should have talked to Doctor Windom," Anna said to him. "He wanted to see you yesterday."

"I couldn't go yesterday," Jan said. "I was busy."

"With Amyan?"

"Yes, with Father Amyan."

"I think that maybe you see too much of this Amyan," said the old woman. "There are those who say he is——"

"I will tell you exactly what he is," her son interrupted her. "He is a saint."

"A saint? Mother of God, he is not even——"

"A Christian, no. Nor even a Buddhist any more." Jan leaned across the table and his dark eyes glowed. "Do you know what his religion is?" he said. "It is human beings. Human rights."

"Eat your breakfast, boy," Mamarta told him.

He took a few gulps in silence.

"We all know that Amyan is a good man," said Anna quietly, "but he is an old man and sick and perhaps no longer very practical."

"Not practical? I suppose it is the others who are practical? Who suffer injustice for years and do nothing about it. Who wait for an old sick man to tell them they must strike for their rights."

"This strike—it begins this morning?"

"Yes."

"What will you do?"

"We have called a meeting for eleven o'clock in the north pasture across the river. There we will elect a committee to call on Schusterman and his assistants."

"To ask for what?" said Anna.

"To ask for what we have asked for all along. Either the right to buy our own land from the plantation or, if they won't do that, at least the right to grow our own rice on rented land."

"And if they refuse?"

"We will go on striking."

"With violence?"

"No, not with violence. That is what you do not understand about Father Amyan. He is a saint, I tell you. Like Gandhi. He will have nothing to do with violence." In his excitement Jan rose to his feet. "That is the great thing that will happen here," he said. "A strike without violence. Resistance without bloodshed. That is what Father Amyan has taught us can be done. And what will be done. Wait and see, Anna, Mother. We will do it. And we will win!"

There was another pause, then he put a hand on Mamarta's shoulder. "Do not be angry, Mother," he said.

"I am not angry," she answered. "There is only one thing I do not like." The old woman fixed him with her keen, watery eyes. "That no one is going to knock in the head of that policeman Bilko."

Jan grinned and said, "Maybe we can cheat a little on Bilko when Father Amyan is not looking." Then he turned to the door.

"Jan," said Anna.

"Yes?"

"I think you are right, too. There must be the strike. It's worth fighting for what is decent and just. But before you go to the meeting—now, this

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morning—please talk to Dr. Windom."

Her brother hesitated.

"He is on your side—our side. You know that. He will not try to stop you, but only give you good advice. He is so wise, Jan. So kind. And——"

Jan was watching her with a curious expression. "And perhaps his head nurse is in love with him?" he asked.

Anna flushed. Her dark eyes blazed out at him, and then abruptly she turned away.

"All right, all right," said her brother. "I did not mean it . . . and I shall see him." He was smiling as he went out.

IN the centre of the village, near the bazaar sheds, was the office where Dai Lollivar functioned both as merchant and mayor. During the course of a day, half the tradesmen and officials of Papaan made their appearance in it, and Lollivar was used to dealing with them casually and summarily. But there was nothing either casual or summary in his manner this morning as he offered a chair to his unexpected visitor.

"If I had known you wanted to see me, Mr. Schusterman," he explained, "I would have been happy to come up to the plantation."

"Yes, I know," said Schusterman, "and I would have spent the day waiting for you."

Lollivar lighted a cigarette and puffed on it nervously.

"As you can probably guess," said Schusterman, "what I have come here about is this strike."

"Ah, yes, of course."

"It must be stopped."

"Of course."

"And this meeting must be stopped."

"Meeting? I have not heard of any——"

"You are hearing about it now. It has been called for eleven o'clock this morning across the river from the village. It is up to you to stop it."

"I? But what can I——"

"If the meeting were on plantation property," said the manager, "I could handle it myself. But this field is village land—and under your jurisdiction."

"Yes, I see—yes, my jurisdiction. But"—Lollivar spread his hands—"but what would you have me do? They will not listen to me."

"It is not a question of listening or talking. It is a question of action."

"You mean the police?"

"Obviously." Schusterman glanced at his watch. "In fact, so obviously that I have asked Sergeant Bilko to meet us here to discuss our plans."

The mayor rose nervously. He walked across the room and back to his desk again. Then he pulled out a handkerchief and patted his cheeks.

"I—I see your point, of course, Mr. Schusterman," he said at last. "The plantation must be kept going. Law and order must be preserved. But it would be my—er—suggestion—with the utmost respect, of course—that——"

The manager's cold eyes regarded him closely. "That what?" he asked.

"That we do not, at least right away, call in Bilko."

"Why not?"

"Because—well—because, you see, Bilko is not a—how shall I say it?—a popular man. In the year he has been here he has not been liked, and now there is much bad feeling about what happened the other day."

"You mean at the plantation?"

"Yes, at the plantation. When the three men were hurt."

"What did you expect me to do?" said Schusterman. "Let them start a riot?"

"No, no," Lollivar assured him. "Do not think for a moment that I criticize you. Law and order must be preserved. It is only that under the circumstances—with the feeling of the people, you know—perhaps it would be wiser to——"

He broke off, for now suddenly it was Schusterman who had risen. The manager spread his hands on the desk and leaned forward.

"What would be wise, Mr. Mayor," he said quietly, "is for you to listen to me. Rubber is what this country lives on. The plantation is what this valley lives on. There has been trouble at the plantation; now there is a strike. Thousands of trees stand waiting to be tapped, and no one taps them. Instead, they call a meeting, where agitators will incite them to more trouble." He raised a hand and slapped it sharply down on the desk. "This cannot be, do you understand me? It cannot be permitted. Either you will use your authority to stop this meeting, or I shall wire the provincial authorities that you are incapable of handling the situation."

Lollivar fumbled with another cigarette. Then he looked up, as a figure appeared in the door.

"Come in, Bilko," said Schusterman.

The sergeant of police approached the desk. He was a short, thick-set man in a khaki uniform, with a fleshy face and a square, close-cropped head.

"We have been discussing the situation," the manager said. "Do you think you can handle it?"

"Yes, it can be handled," said Bilko.

"But there will be hundreds at the meeting," Lollivar put in. "And once it has started——"

"It will not start."

"Good," said Schusterman. "That is the whole strategy: it must not start. If they are kept apart—in their homes — they cannot do anything. Then in a few days they will be discouraged and go back to work." He looked at Bilko anxiously. "But are you sure you can do this," he asked, "with only fifteen men?"

"We can do it for a few hours," said Bilko.

"And then?"

"By then I will have had a small talk with the leaders."

"This Amyan——"

"Yes, Amyan. And Vidal."

"A talk?" Lollivar put in. "You mean you will——"

BILKO said blandly: "I will point out to them that they are making a mistake. And I believe that I can convince them. When they are convinced—poof——" He snapped his fingers. "There will be no strike! The others are nothing. They will hop like crickets back to their rubber trees."

"Good," the manager said again. "It is the right way. It will work."

Bilko went to the door. "I shall be going, then. My men are waiting." He clicked his heels and bowed slightly. "With your permission, sir?"

Schusterman nodded.

The sergeant's flat eyes moved to Lollivar. "And yours, too, Mr. Mayor?"

Lollivar took out his handkerchief. "Yes—er—I suppose it is the only way," he murmured. Bilko went out, and he looked at Schusterman. "There must be no trouble, of course. There must be law and order——"

To be continued next week

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Careless words

MORE people agree about things that matter than one might suppose. We misunderstand one another largely because we don't use words with sufficient care.

Arguments arise because people use different words to express the same idea, and don't trouble to define exactly what they mean. Careless language means careless thought: careless thought means bad argument: bad argument means misunderstanding and quarrels. It's as simple as that.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"Notice how a striped suit makes you appear taller? . . ."

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN FLIES

Continued from page 18

your gun and the key of the front door?"

Dekker raised his head. "My life."

"Rohner will ditch you once he leaves here."

Dekker lifted the revolver, smiling amiably. "Not as long as I have this. You're wasting your time."

Furse closed the window. Down in the hall he found Charlie sitting at the long refectory table playing patience. Through the open doorway into the kitchen he could hear Constanta talking to Beukleman's wife.

Presently she came out. "Supper's ready."

Beukleman's wife, pursuing her philosophy that men in trouble need food, had not stinted the meal. A wide, pink-bowled oil lamp hanging from the ceiling shed a soft, warm glow over the table. There was a rich *fermière* soup, a great plate of cold ham and cold duck with a bowl of salad.

AFTER he had finished his soup, Furse looked up at Beukleman. He was sitting at the head of the table. A black velvet jacket had taken the place of his crinkled leather waistcoat and he wore a spotless linen shirt with two tiny bands of lace running down the front of it.

Beukleman's wife sat close to him, neat, compact. Her expression was taut, a suggestion of fierce tenderness in it whenever she turned to her husband.

"Have you ever," asked Furse, "heard of Kapitän Walter Maserling?"

Beukleman raised his head slowly. He looked at Furse and then at his wife, and Furse saw her lips tighten. She gave a little nod towards her husband.

"Yes, *mynheer*. I have."

"He was here during the war?"

"Yes, *mynheer*. He was in this house for three days, very ill. For a time even he was delirious."

On Beukleman's face was the troubled look of a child expecting to be punished. Furse began to explain, carefully. He gave the broad outline of Maserling's mission.

"Mr. Ponz and I had come here with Miss Straatsma to recover the bank's property. But unfortunately our friend Rohner outside had become aware of our intentions. He is going to take it for himself. A quarter of a million pounds is a sum which would tempt any man."

He paused, and said deliberately: "The real trouble is that Rohner isn't going to get his hands on the jewels. He's going to be disappointed. And disappointment will make him vicious. You see, the stones are no longer in the sunken launch."

Charlie had a piece of ham halfway to his mouth. His head turned slowly towards Furse and his mouth trembled ridiculously like a child's on the point of tears.

Furse saw them all staring at him. He went on gently: "There's nothing in the launch cabin but an empty steel deed box. When I went down the last time I got in easily and there was the box. The lid was open and it was empty."

"But why didn't you tell us, sir?"

"You know why, Charlie. I came up to find Rohner there. Why should I tell him anything? Time is what we want. And when we got back here, I wanted to think the thing over. I had to keep it to myself."

Constanta touched his arm. "You could have been mistaken."

"No. I'm sure of it. Someone got there before us. And when Rohner finds out there's nothing there, he'll think we've double-crossed him. That's the moment when he's going to be very unpleasant."

No one spoke. Beukleman's wife poured coffee into an array of green cups before her, and her husband mechanically passed them down the table. They sat there, the five of them, held in the spreading cone of pink light from the hanging lamp.

Charlie dusted the lapels of his linen jacket and blew a jet of smoke.

"For me, sir—I will wait until the trouble comes. What I want to know is—where is all this stuff now? Who was it that got here before us?"

Constanta said: "I don't see how that helps us. Anyone might have taken them at any time."

THE old man put down his coffee cup and drew at a cigar which he had quietly lit. He glanced at his wife. She was tight-lipped, tense, and the reflection of light on her glasses gave her face a blank, inhuman look. Slowly she nodded.

Beukleman looked across at Constanta and he said quietly: "*Mejuffrouw*, I am the one who has taken them, and it was done the day after Kapitän Maserling entered this house."

"*You* took them!"

"Yes, I took them—or rather, I stole them."

"Jan!" There was anguish in his wife's voice.

Beukleman turned to her. "It is the truth, my dear. It is better to tell it and have the thing from my mind."

"Where are they? These shocks—damn me—I don't accommodate them so good." Charlie stood up, impatient, suddenly animated.

"Let him tell it his own way," said Furse.

"That is what I shall do, *mynheer*. But you must be patient with me. You see, this captain I found early one morning at the courtyard gate. He was wounded and ill. In this house he was in bed for three days before he left

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us. The first day he was delirious and kept talking about these stones. It was not difficult to find the launch. She lay just off the mouth of the cut and, at low water, high on the sand.

"I found the box and the jewels in the cabin. I took them. When the tide rose, I towed the launch off into deep water where she would always be covered even at low tide. After three days, when the captain was still not really well enough to travel, he took my skiff and went over to the mainland. He did not say one word to me about the stones, and so I guessed they did not belong to him."

"But did you know where the stones came from?" asked Furse.

Beukleman gave a little shake of his head. "No. When you steal something it is easier not to know anything about the owner. . . ."

Furse stirred uneasily. The words were an echo of his own feelings. "Why did you do it?" he asked.

Beukleman drew hard at his cigar and then said: "Because of my cows. A week before this captain came, the Germans had been to the island and had taken away all my herd except Kadza. They took away fifteen years of my life, fifteen years of hard work during which I had built up the herd to be the best in the Netherlands. At the time it made me hard and angry. When I saw the stones I said to myself that I would keep them, and, after the war, use them to buy a new herd. But when the time came to turn them into money and buy fresh stock, I couldn't do it."

He gazed seriously at his wife. "Mama and I decided that it was better to work, to use our own money and to start again. One can steal in a moment of weakness, but after that one has to have a hardness inside to use or sell what one has stolen. I found I did not have that. We hid the jewels and they have remained hidden ever since, for we were afraid for our reputation to hand them over to the police and tell the full story. But I am glad now that I can tell it."

Charlie got up and walked round the table. "You still have the jewels on this island?"

Beukleman nodded. "Yes. They are well hidden. But I will tell you now——"

"No." Furse's voice was hard, incisive. "No, Jan—don't tell us anything. As long as they are safe, that's all that matters. We've still got Rohner to deal with and the fewer people who know where they are the safer it is for us."

Charlie's face clouded for a moment. Then with a shrug of his shoulders, he said: "Yes, sir. Maybe that is good. And there's nothing we can do about Rohner just yet. You know what I am going to do? I will have a good sleep."

The Beuklemans had plenty of sleeping room. Furse and Charlie shared a room at the front of the house which had two single beds, and Constanta had a room to herself at the back of the house.

Charlie went off to bed at once and the Beuklemans were not long in following him. Constanta and Furse sat for a while in front of the range, his arm around her shoulder holding her close to him, his cheek against her hair.

They went upstairs together and, when he had left her, he went to his bedroom. Charlie was sleeping on his back, fully clothed, his mouth open, his arms and legs spread-eagled. Furse stood at the window. It was a dark night and the wind had turned gusty, shaking the glass and splattering sudden squalls of rain across the yard.

It was nearly eleven o'clock now. Soon, if the weather allowed them, Rohner and Pieter would be going out to the launch. Pieter was going to have an unpleasant time diving in the dark, and a profitless one.

IT was five o'clock when Furse woke. It was a grey, misty morning with a fine drizzle falling. Scratching at the stubble on his chin and wondering whether he could borrow a razor from Beukleman, he looked round the room.

Charlie's bed was empty.

He went downstairs to the kitchen and found the two Beuklemans there.

"Where's Charlie?" Furse asked.

"He is not down yet."

"He must be. At least, he's not in his room."

Furse turned and hurried from the kitchen. At the head of the stairs he stopped. A movement outside the window caught his eye.

Coming up from the *Arletta* with Rohner was a familiar figure in a linen suit with an old groundsheet draped over his shoulders. The two of them came through the wrought-iron gate and crossed the yard. As they passed, Charlie looked up and caught sight of Furse standing at the window. He raised a hand in greeting and shook his head sadly. Then he passed on with Rohner into the pasture at the side of the house.

A few minutes later, Furse, Constanta and the Beuklemans stood at the window at the top of the stairs and watched Rohner and Charlie drive the herd of Friesians into the yard. Furse was angry with himself for having trusted Charlie. All his experience of the man should have warned him.

He pushed open the window. In the yard below, Charlie and Rohner looked up at the sound. Charlie came across to the house, threading his way through the cows awkwardly, and stood well away from under the window. He looked up, his round, rain-glistening face contrite and doleful, and he made a pathetic little gesture with his hands and shoulders.

"You are angry with me, sir?"

"You're a dirty little double-crossing swine, Charlie."

"Certainly, Captain. It is unfortunately true. What is a man to do

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"Where did that boy put my ham sandwich, Miss Hudson?"

against his own nature? But even now I do not forget you. You come out of the house and join us and we'll see you have your share and get out of the country safely."

"Go to hell!"

"That is what I think you say. However, we still have a little business to do together. Unfortunately, last night you stop Mr. Beukleman from saying where the stones are. We should like to know that now."

"I'll bet you would."

Charlie turned towards Rohner, who came over and joined him. Rohner pulled his revolver from his pocket and jerked his head towards Beukleman.

"You'd better advise him to speak up, Furse. We can do this thing pleasantly or unpleasantly. It's up to you."

Constanta drew back from the window, reaching out a hand to Furse. "Come away, he may shoot."

"No. He won't dare."

As he spoke, Beukleman came up to his side. "I shall tell you nothing," he shouted down.

"You will—and quickly!" Rohner swung round and, looking over the herd, picked out Kadza, the biggest—Beukleman's favourite cow. He went up to the cow and put a hand on the leather bell strap round her neck. He stood there, smiling up at the group at the window, and said evenly, "I'll give you five minutes to begin telling me where the stones are. If you don't speak I'll put a bullet through the cow's head. After that, at minute intervals, I'll shoot the rest until you decide to speak."

FURSE heard the old man gasp and saw his hand go out to the window frame to steady himself. And in that moment he knew that any feeling he had ever had for Charlie was utterly gone, for this was Charlie's doing. Rohner would never have known how powerful a threat this would be.

Jan Beukleman's wife was watching her husband, her face stiff and grey, her hands held tightly across her waist.

"My beautiful Kadza. . . ." Beukleman's voice broke in an ugly sob.

Furse grabbed the old man's arm, and shouted: "You must tell them. Tell them!"

Outside Rohner raised his revolver. "You have just under a minute!"

Mrs. Beukleman came forward and put a hand on her husband's shoulder. "Jan—you must speak."

"No, Mother. I cannot."

Rohner dropped his wrist and swung round to Kadza. They saw the beast start back from the sudden movement, head lowered for a moment, the great udder swinging. Rohner got a firm grip on the leather collar and brought the revolver against the animal's head just below the ear.

Constanta turned away from the window. She could not bear to watch.

Suddenly Mrs. Beukleman leaned out of the window. "Don't do it!" she shouted angrily. "I'll tell you where they are, and may God punish you for your wickedness."

Rohner dropped the hand with the revolver. "It's time one of you showed some sense. Where are they?"

Jan Beukleman tried to pull his wife from the window but she clung there and called out, "They're buried under a flagstone behind the dairy." She turned and looked at Furse and Constanta. "I'm sorry—but I had to do it. I couldn't let them——"

Furse put his arm around her. "I'm glad you did it," he said.

Rohner shouted up to the window: "Send the old fool down to show us. The rest of you stay up there until I've let him out into the yard."

Slowly Jan Beukleman turned away and went down the stairs. From the window they watched him cross the yard with the others.

Beside Furse, Jan Beukleman's wife was sobbing softly. After a while they began to move down the stairs.

Furse followed them. In the hall, he said, conscious of time slipping by, "They won't hurt Jan. Don't worry about that. But we've got to do something to stop them from getting away. In an hour they'll be off this island. They'll smash all the boats. Our only way off will be by swimming to Tien Gemeten. It'll be hours before we get the police."

"They're all armed," Constanta said.

"I'd take a risk on that—if we could only get out. But with Pieter at the back door and Dekker leaning up against the dairy at the front, we have to find another way."

Mrs. Beukleman, quieter now, said: "There is a way out of this house without going through either front or back door, *mynheer*. Until now neither Jan nor myself had wanted any violence or shooting so we did not mention it."

Furse stood up. "Show us," he said.

"From the little harbour at the head of the cut where the boats are there's a large drain that runs right under this house. You can get into it through a trap door in the cellar and where it comes out under the courtyard wall there is an iron grille which, I think, can be lifted off."

A short flight of steps led off the

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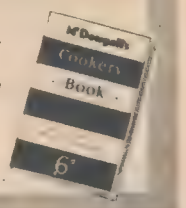

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corridor at the back of the kitchen down to a small cellar. The three of them descended. In one corner of the cellar was a wooden trap-door.

Furse lifted it up. They could see nothing but there was the sound of slowly running water.

"How deep is it?" he asked.

"About two feet, *mynheer*, and you understand it is only river water."

Furse lowered himself through the trap and felt the water rise above his knees before his feet found the bottom. He moved forward a few paces and was in a narrow tunnel which forced him into a crouching position to clear his head from the roof. Far away, he could make out a small circle of daylight.

He heard Constanta drop into the water behind him and he spoke to her over his shoulder, "Keep your head down and hold on to my jacket."

They began to move forward slowly. A heavy, close odour of mud and rotting vegetation rose about them as they moved. Furse worked towards the growing patch of daylight, steadying himself against the walls.

After a while the gloom began to give way to daylight and Furse could see the grille across the mouth of the drain.

"Will it open?" Constanta whispered when they came to it.

"I think so. It's only dropped into place over staples in the brickwork. You'll have to help me lift it."

They stood one at each end of the grille and Furse looked out through the bars. He could see the boats in the small harbour. The outboard motor was still shipped over the stern of Charlie's dinghy. Rohner's launch was at the end of the quay and very close to the mouth of the drain.

"Ready?"

He gave her a nod and they lifted. The grille came up an inch easily and then stuck. Furse strained at it and he heard Constanta give a deep breath as she lifted with him. For a moment the grille was unyielding. Then it moved and there was a long screech of iron against iron as it passed over the staples. They lowered it gently into the water and stood listening.

Furse put a hand over Constanta's arm, and said: "Pieter's at the back of the house and won't bother us at first. Dekker's the man we want. He's in front and I'm going after him. You keep close behind me."

THEY waded out of the mouth of the drain and climbed up the grass bank that bordered the red brick wall around the courtyard. Keeping close to the wall, they worked their way to the wrought-iron gate. On the far side of the yard Furse saw Dekker standing by the dairy doorway, his back towards them.

He slipped across the gateway and Constanta followed him. The wall, about six feet high, ran on until it joined one of the sides of the dairy building. At this point Furse stopped.

"I'm going over the top," he whispered to Constanta. "I'll work along the dairy wall and then jump on Dekker round the corner. I think you'd better go back to the gate. You can watch him from there and give me a signal when to go for him."

He watched her move back to the gate. When she was in position, he reached up for the wall top. He pulled himself up and threw a leg over the wall. Dekker was out of his sight now, hidden by the angle of the dairy building. From behind the dairy he could hear the scrape of a spade and the murmur of Rohner's voice.

Quietly he crept along the wall until he was a foot from the corner. He stood there pressed against the bricks, keeping his eyes on the gateway. He saw Constanta's head. She nodded twice. The moment had come.

He swung round the corner and found Dekker with his back to him. The man heard him coming and half-turned. He saw the surprise on Dekker's face, the cigarette dangling from the corner of his half-opened mouth and a hand swinging up with a revolver in it.

His arm went round the man's neck, forcing it backwards. At the same time he grabbed the revolver, twisted it

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

from the man's hand, and swung it down, butt first, in a short, vicious stroke, hitting Dekker below the ear. The man crumpled up. Then Furse went back to the door and signalled to Constanta. . . .

Behind the dairy a stone slab had been lifted from the ground and Beukleman was scooping out the earth underneath with a long-handled spade. Charlie leant against the dairy wall, his arms crossed under his groundsheet, the rain making thin rats' tails of his hair. Beyond Beukleman stood Rohner and Elsa. They watched Beukleman clear some earth away with his hands.

"Here it comes." Elsa's eyes were bright and she rubbed the tips of her fingers together slowly.

Rohner lifted the lid of the box. Inside was a small sack, folded bulkily over itself, the neck tied to make a package the size of a small hand-case. Rohner lifted it out and stood holding it with both hands and Charlie came round to his side. Rohner smiled, and Charlie returned the smile. At the same time he did two things. He pulled a revolver from his pocket and he slid his hand into Rohner's raincoat pocket and took out the revolver which lay there.

Elsa made a move forward but Charlie dug his revolver into Rohner's side and said, in Dutch, "Stay where you are, Elsa, or I will blow a hole in him. And don't try to use your revolver. There's nothing in it."

Rohner stood very still, his face stiff with anger, and he said nothing.

"Very sorry," said Charlie, "but the partnership is ended. Now we go quietly across the yard to the launch. If any of you try anything, I will shoot first Rohner and then Dekker."

Charlie reached out a hand and tucked the sack under his arm. He grinned at Rohner and went on, "You were going to do the same thing to me, Rohner . . . only you left it too long. That is your mistake. When you cheat, cheat early. We go." He turned a little aside for Rohner to pass him, and as he did so he saw Furse standing at the corner of the dairy two yards from him with a raised revolver.

FOR a moment Charlie hesitated, not from surprise but because it was Furse standing there and he knew that his only chance of saving himself was to shoot as he jumped aside from Rohner, who was masking his shot. He hesitated because it was Furse, still his friend. Suddenly Beukleman, who stood in the small hole, swung his long-handled spade and knocked Charlie's feet from under him.

Charlie fell heavily and a foot was stamped on his revolver wrist, holding it down. Furse stood above him, covering Rohner and Elsa.

"Take his gun, Beukleman, and the one in his pocket."

Beukleman came forward and relieved Charlie of his guns, and then Furse stepped back, releasing him. His eyes on Charlie, Furse said to Constanta, "Take the sack and get down to Charlie's boat. Go to Tien Gemeten or the mainland and get hold of the police. We'll look after these until they come."

Constanta picked up the sack. "You're sure——"

"Yes." He cut her off curtly. "You do as I say, and do it quickly. Watch out for Pieter."

Beukleman, a gun held awkwardly in his hand, stood beside Furse while Constanta went off. When he judged she was through the yard, Furse motioned the three forward, shepherding them round the corner and into the dairy. They went in quietly, held by the fear of his gun, but he could tell from their manner that each one was alert, waiting for the first false move he made.

There were two small windows in the dairy, each with narrow iron bars. The door was of stout oak, studded with iron rivet heads and fastened on the outside with a thick iron bolt and padlock.

"Have you got the key for the padlock?" Furse asked Beukleman.

"It's in the house."

"Go and get it. Try not to make too much noise. We don't want to disturb Pieter until I've got these safely locked up."

Beukleman went off across the yard. Furse stood in the doorway, his back to the yard, and surveyed Rohner, Elsa, and Charlie.

Rohner said pleasantly, and the effort to be convincing was heavy in his voice, "You were a fool to go soft on that girl. You've got the stuff now. Think of it. A fortune for each of us. No trouble about cashing it and no trouble about getting out of the country."

"You can talk your heads off," said Furse evenly. He was listening, waiting for the sound of Constanta's outboard motor. Until he heard that he knew he would be uneasy.

Charlie said suddenly, conversationally: "It's no use at all talking to him. I know this man. I am his best friend and even for me he will do nothing. I do not expect nothing, so I don't disappoint myself."

"Shut up, Charlie, you're talking too much!" Furse snapped, but even as he spoke he realized that Charlie had talked enough to distract his attention vitally.

Pieter's voice behind him said, "Drop the gun."

He stood there, poised on the lip of disaster, seeing the sudden exultant change on the three faces before him, knowing that Pieter must have come round by the pasture and missed Beukleman.

"Drop it!" Something hard was pressed into his back.

Furse dropped the gun, tossing it away into a corner of the dairy. As Pieter had been speaking he had caught the quick stutter of Constanta's motor opening up, and he took a chance on Pieter's turning his head at the sound. He swung round, knocking the long barrel of the shotgun from him with a sweep of his hand. His right fist came up and hit Pieter on the chin. The man stumbled backwards. Furse heard Rohner shout. Then he ran hard for the gateway.

He ran desperately, swinging around the cows in his path, disturbing the beasts so that they tossed their heads and lumbered away from him. There was the roar of a shotgun behind him and he felt the shot whistle past his right side.

He swung open the gate and was through. He could see Constanta standing up in her boat, her hands on the quay, about to push off.

He shouted to her and, as he raced towards the water, saw her move back to the stern, still holding to the quay. Behind him he could hear Charlie and Rohner shouting and the sound of running feet. He leapt aboard. The moment his feet touched the boards she opened up the motor and the boat sped towards the mist-shrouded cut.

AT that moment, away in Hellevoetsluis, it was drizzling, but the rain was showing signs of lifting. Molenaar came out of the post office and turned down the road towards a small café.

He felt dispirited, dissatisfied with himself. His chief was saying little to him, but Molenaar knew that he was expecting a great deal. Furse had made a fool of them.

He turned into the café and to the woman who came forward he said, "An Englishman came in here inquiring for a man called Vliegen. . . ." He heard the woman reply, "No. I can't help. Any more than I could help him."

Molenaar went out. An old man wearing a suit of crumpled corduroy and with gold ear-rings bright against his leathery face stirred in the shelter of the doorway. The same old man who had approached Furse, days ago, and given him the idea that Vliegen was a family name—and so led him to the House of the Seven Flies. The old man said, "You are asking for a man called Vliegen. . . ?"

* * *

Constanta's boat lay out in midstream, somewhere off Krabbensplaat. Furse had cut the motor the moment he had heard Rohner's cruiser come out of the channel after them. They lay drifting with the last of the incoming tide. Already the current had slackened.

There was a wind getting up which had begun to tear and thrust at the mist, and the rain had stopped. In another hour it would be a clear, fine day. If they were caught out in the river they would be helpless.

"They're coming closer," whispered Constanta and she raised her head, listening as they lay in the bottom of the boat. From out of the mist came the sudden roar of the cruiser. It seemed to be bearing straight down upon them. Then, with a sudden diminuendo, it swung away.

Furse said: "They're beating around in a circle hoping to pick us up."

"What are we going to do?"

"Drift. It's the only thing we can do. The moment we open up they'll hear us. When we've drifted far enough from them we'll take a chance on it and try and hit Tien Gemeten. Trouble is, I'm beginning to lose my bearings in the mist."

They were silent for a while, and in that time the cruiser came back, circling round them, the echo of its engine reverberating harshly from the mist and water.

Suddenly Constanta said, "I love you."

Furse lifted her hand and kissed it. "I love you. I hope Jimmy approves of you—otherwise it will be the first disagreement we've ever had." Since Furse's marriage had broken up, Jimmy needed a mother.

"Do you think he will?"

"He's got his father's good taste."

There was no returning sound of the

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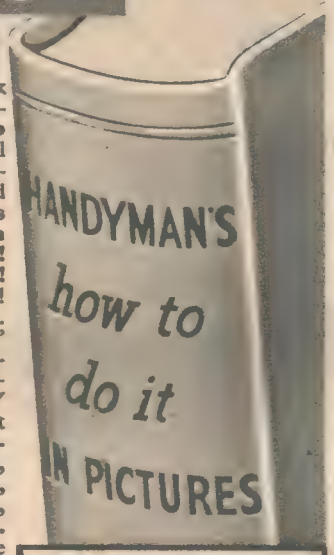

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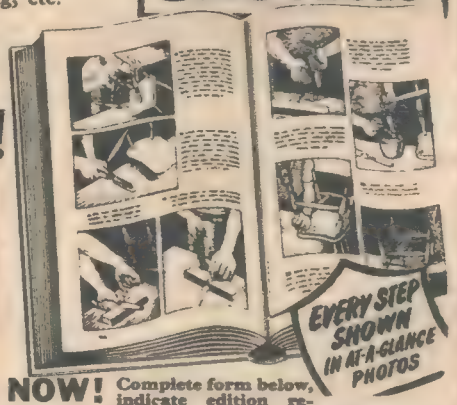

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launch. Furse looked at his watch. It was ten minutes since they had last heard it. He sat up and, as he did so, he felt the wind freshen against his face. A clump of loose seaweed drifted by the boat and he fixed the line of the current by it.

"Now." He wound the line round the fly-wheel of the motor and gave it a jerk. The engine choked, hesitated, and then burst into life. He swung the tiller over and they were heading for the shore of the island of Tien Gemeten, or where he judged it might be. On Tien Gemeten were people, houses, a telephone and safety.

The seconds passed and he began to hope that they had escaped the cruiser. Then, away on their port bow, he heard the sudden burst of a motor.

"They're after us!"

He pushed Constanta flat in the boat. There was nothing they could do now except keep going.

He heard the cruiser circle questingly behind them, and then the noise rose to an angry, breathing roar and, glancing back, he saw a large shape swing out of the mist across their stern. For a moment he caught the silhouettes of three figures. He swung the boat away at an angle, and the shape was lost. But he heard the shout of voices and knew he had been seen.

Then the cruiser came sweeping down behind them, breaking out of the mist like some furious leviathan.

He heard it coming nearer and nearer and he saw Constanta's head turn, her eyes on him. Then, as the sound seemed almost on top of them, the mist before the bows of the boat shifted, and momentarily he saw, not five yards from them, the edge of a narrow run of sand and reeds. Beyond it was the rise of a small embankment and, beyond that, a row of willows.

He shouted, "It's Tien Gemeten. When we hit the sand, run for it and keep on running!"

THE mist swept down on them again and the boat slid with a long rasping sound on to the sand. Behind them the launch throttled down suddenly. It hit the sand a few yards from them. He heard Charlie shout, but he took no notice as he leapt overboard and turned to help Constanta. Clutching the sack of jewels, they ran over the misty sands. From the launch behind them a revolver shot rang out, and the mist reverberated with angry echoes. He saw the sand kick up at his side.

They raced up the embankment towards the willows. He pushed the sack into Constanta's arms and said urgently: "Keep on running until you meet someone. I'll stay and look after Rohner."

She ran on, swallowed by the mist at once, and he slid behind the first willow tree. He leaned against it, panting, hearing someone coming across the sand to the embankment. A figure appeared at the top of the bank: it was Rohner. Charlie, he guessed, had stayed on the launch.

Rohner came running across the grass towards the track and Furse saw the ugly blackness of the revolver in his hand.

The man came swinging past the tree and, as he did so, Furse jumped out. His arms went round Rohner's waist and the full force of his body took them sprawling to the ground. The revolver went off.

The noise seemed to split inside Furse's head and he felt the flame from the muzzle scorch his face. He reached out savagely and caught Rohner's wrist and they twisted and struggled, turning over and over on the wet grass. Rohner was wiry and desperate, cursing as he fought, but there was an angry pulse in Furse now which found satisfaction in fighting.

Knees and feet thrusting at the ground for purchase, they were for a while a couple of animals absorbed in their struggle. Then Furse felt the other's wrist collapse and the fighting body under him go limp. He grabbed the revolver and raised himself to his knees. Rohner tried to drag himself away. Furse hit him with the butt of the revolver and Rohner dropped back.

Furse jumped to his feet, revolver in hand, and saw Elsa standing at the top of the embankment. He went towards her and she turned and ran.

He stood on the embankment and watched Elsa ploughing her way awkwardly across the stretch of sand. And now the wind was suddenly freshening, tearing great swathes of mist away. A shaft of sunlight broke through, turning the dull sand to bright gold and the brown waters of the river to a polished jade. He saw the cruiser, nosed into the sand, and Charlie at the wheel watching Elsa struggling towards it. Charlie raised an arm to him in greeting, and the next moment the motor had opened up and the water at the cruiser's stern was a white froth.

The cruiser backed, swung round, and, with a great bow wave, moved away down the river, towards the sea, towards whatever sanctuary Charlie had arranged for himself.

As the cruiser disappeared, Furse heard the sound of another motor. A Customs launch came out of the last of the mist, heading towards the shore. Furse saw the familiar figure of Molenaar in the bows, and beside him another man, Molenaar's chief.

The launch swept in to the sands, towards Elsa, who waited there, a slight, lonely figure.

Furse turned back towards Rohner. As he moved, the mist was lifting off the face of the island, and he heard the clink of harness. Slowly up the muddy track came a cart with a man leading the horse. Spread out on either side of the cart were four men, and with them came Constanta, muddy and bedraggled, her wet skirt clamped about her legs, her arms still clasping the corded sack, and a smile on her face as she saw him there waiting for her.

THE END

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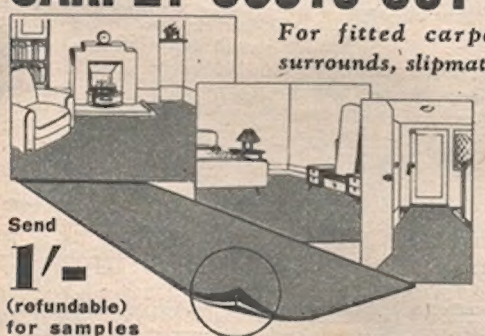

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MR. MULLARD'S TEST TUBE GARDENING

Continued from page 19

the chemical food added by spraying it from a watering-rose, or by allowing it to drip continuously into the sand. "I found that the drawback to this system is that a great deal of the chemical solution drains through the sand," says Mullard.

Stanley Mullard and Dr. Stoughton then tried feeding the plants from underneath. Waterproof tanks, fitted with an inlet at the bottom, were filled with cinders and clean gravel as an anchorage for the plant. The plants were set out in the gravel, and from a tank on a lower level the chemical solution was pumped into the plant-tank at regular intervals. When the gravel was saturated the liquid flowed back into the lower tank.

"This system was perfected in America," says Mullard. "Its great advantage is that the roots get aerated by the air which is sucked down into the gravel as the liquid drains away."

On Volcano Island

He is the first to admit that soilless cultivation methods are not new. "Plant physiologists have grown plants without soil for more than a hundred years in their laboratories, but it was not until the early 1930s that two Americans, Dr. Gericke and Dr. Withrow, pointed out that crop production need not be chained to the soil."

Today, in places where soil is poor or non-existent, the methods of these pioneers are invaluable. "Ascension Island is an example," says Mullard. "It is volcanic, with no agricultural soil, yet when the Americans built an airfield on it during the war they fed the staff on produce grown by soilless methods. Seawater was distilled at the rate of 30,000 gallons a day to make the chemical solution, and 100,000 pounds of salads and tomatoes were grown in a year."

In his greenhouses at Egham, in Surrey, Stanley Mullard's researches finally led to what he considers to be the best system of soilless cultivation. He was seeking to improve on sand and gravel as a medium in which to root the plants. From Africa came news of a substance called vermiculite, known to the natives as "Fool's Gold" and to scientists as a complex hydrated aluminium-iron-magnesium silicate.

Mullard ordered a supply. His first results were disappointing. Plants made little progress, and he was tempted to write the experiment off as a failure.

But it occurred to Mullard that there might be other types of vermiculite. He obtained samples from several different mines and submitted them to chemical analysis. They varied in colour from white and grey to golden and coppery brown. The analysis revealed that the grade he had first used was alkaline, and therefore unsuitable for plants. But one of the golden brown varieties gave a slightly acid reaction favourable to plant life.

Lighter Than Soil

After devising a process for treating this type of vermiculite, Mullard quickly obtained gratifying results. Side shoots and tips from sweet peas turned into well-rooted plants in a fortnight. Carnation and chrysanthemum cuttings took three weeks. He developed two grades of the silicate: one with a fine mesh for very small seeds such as antirrhinums, the other for larger seeds like those of tomato, lettuce and pea, and for cuttings.

Exflor vermiculite, the name by which Mullard's processed silicate is known, is seven times as light as soil. Ten gallons of it, dry measure, weigh sixteen pounds; the same quantity of soil weighs a hundredweight.

"When a seedling is lifted from soil," explains Mullard, "some of the soil drops from it, tearing the fine root hairs away from the plant in the process. This damage causes the plant to wilt. When a seedling potted in vermiculite is lifted the granules do not fall off. Consequently the root hairs are undamaged and there is no setback in

growth. That's why I have had as many carnation blooms in February from plants grown in vermiculite as others using soil compost have had in June."

With Mullard's latest system, large supply tanks of chemical solutions and automatic pumps are not needed. In greenhouses and out-of-doors, tanks of wood, concrete, or metal are filled with vermiculite mixed with sand. A central trough for watering is cut in the base, and into it is placed a metal grid covered with glass wool. The chemical solution is poured into the trough and soaks through the glass wool into the vermiculite. Capillary attraction then draws the chemicals up through the silicate and sand to the plant roots.

Fruits Of Success

At Egham, Mullard has grown carnations which have produced twenty blooms in the first year on each plant. In a small tank three feet by eight inches and seven inches in depth, he has grown three chrysanthemum plants (*Blanche Poitevene*) which produced twelve blooms simultaneously. The Cheshunt Early Giant variety of lettuce, whose seedlings are seventy-five per cent successful in soil, returned a hundred per cent success in vermiculite and matured sooner.

In another tank, six feet by three, Mullard grew twenty pounds of young carrots and five pounds of strawberries. Tomato plants gave an eight-pound yield, compared with an average of six and a half pounds for a commercial greenhouse plant in soil.

"One of the reasons for the success of vermiculite is its capacity to hold moisture," says Stanley Mullard. "A bucket holding two gallons, dry measure, with two inches to spare at the top, will take two gallons of water without overflowing. The particles of vermiculite have air locked between them. This space is taken up by water."

Because the silicate holds water so well, there is no need to have drainage holes in the plant containers used for indoor decoration. The plants can be fed by pouring the chemically charged water on to the vermiculite, or by sprinkling the dry chemicals on the plant bed and then watering them in.

Cuts The Costs

Stanley Mullard believes that the soilless cultivation of plants is bound to spread. Market gardeners today, he says, are in a difficult position. Consumers complain that they cannot pay the high cost of British produce, yet the growers are having a job to make ends meet on current prices. Soilless methods can cut costs, by doing away with sixty per cent of the labour now employed in frame culture where soil is used, and fifty per cent of the labour needed in glasshouses. That labour is chiefly engaged in weeding and surface-watering, which are unnecessary in soilless systems.

The cost of installing the new method on a large scale is high. "But results justify the outlay," says Mullard. "Remember that when soil-beds in a glasshouse become infected with disease the soil has to be sterilized. The equipment and labour needed to do it are costly. Where soil is poor, manures and fertilizers are a constant expense. Vermiculite is sterile, and the chemical solutions maintain a constant supply of food."

An even stronger reason for the rising popularity of Mullard's vermiculite system is that people like growing things. "There are millions of people who have no gardens, yet who long for flowers and home-grown salads. Now that soil is not needed, window-boxes are becoming very much in demand. Vermiculite is so clean to handle that roof gardens can be planned without the thought of muddy water seeping through the plant containers. And the results are heart-warming.

"By following a few simple instructions," people who lack gardening skill are finding that science has made green fingers unnecessary." THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 26 is of Stirling Moss as a child.

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In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Nov. 1.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword No. 808, "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Across Clues XWORD 808

1. May help to keep you nice and warm
2. Exhausting this is seldom worth while
5. Will show evidence of movement in prices
6. Such a movement often spells failure to attacking force
8. Wealthy employer may continue to do this himself
11. A poet might confess to being deeply moved by contemplation of
12. Can be of enormous use in the world
13. Often fails to effect just what one hoped

Down Clues

1. Closeness is a characteristic of them
3. Yachtsman makes this of his boat's progress
4. People may be glad of rabbit, even if they think it's not so good as this
7. There's commonly a definite connection between this and copper
9. Not expected to scratch
10. Footballer knows what it is to play for an hour or more in
11. May actually be better for being out of tin

1C	O	A		■	2	O	I	3L	■			
L	A	R	■	4	■	5B	O	O				
A	R	E	N	A	■	E	■	■	■			
	■	C	■	6R	■	S	H	■	7			
8S		A	V	E	■	E	T	U	I			
■	■	■	I	■	9	■	■	N	C			
10	■	11F	A	■	E	■	12	R	E			
A	D	O	■	■	N	E	■	I	■			
I	R	O	N	S	■	R	A	G	E			
N	■	■	■	■	13	A	T	808				

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in merit order; test—cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not over 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank given.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated November 8, and in JOHN BULL, dated November 15), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See *Daily Herald* on Saturday, November 1 for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,856 result).

NOTE. You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in the same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

In Britain Today
To Stop The Arms Race
Fog Of Suspicion
We Must Remember
It's Pay-day, So
In The Atom Laboratory
Sensible People
Above The Din
Nobody Knows Why, But
Awe-inspiring
Had A Bad Day
Growing Up
Why He's Popular
Like Nectar
Not Very Diplomatic
Upset Grandma
All Gilt And Plush
Gaping
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Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

.....For The Japs
How To Get.....
Oiling The.....
Too Tired To.....
With .....On
Leave It To.....And

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